T. G.

Songs by
Bowie
Handel
Arne
Arnold
Dibdin
Bishop
Manning
&c. &c.

By Gentlemen of the Theatre

Edin. Lyceum
Calton Hill
The Wandering Sailor

Dale's Patent Pianofortes to be had of him only.

A CATALOGUE of the FAVORITE OPERAS

with the OVERTURES & SONGS &c. Extracted as Composed & Selected by STEPHEN STORACE.

London, Printed for & Sold by J. Dale, Music Seller No. 19 Cornhill, & the corner of Holles Street, Oxford Street.

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	s.	d.
Overture to Do	1.	6
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The Sapling Oak	1.	-
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To mighty Love		6
My Plaint in no one Pity moves	1.	-
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	s.	d.
Overture to Do		1.6
Go not my Love	1.	-
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Overture to Mahmoud	2.	-
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Lodoiska	2.	-
My Grandmother	2.	-
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The Three & the Deuce	2.	0
Mahmoud	3.	-
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FOR THE GUITAR

	s.	d.
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The Pirates	3.	-
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Tho' pleasure swell the Jovial Cry,

A favorite Song Sung by

Mr. BRAHAM

in

MAHMOUD,

Composed by Stephen Storace.

Pr. 1s

Ent.d at Stationers Hall.
London Printed for & sold by J. Dale, No. 19 Cornhill, & the corner of Holles Str.t Oxford Street.

Andantino

p

f

Tho' pleasure swell the

Jovial cry a - mid the chace resounding, while light with airy step we fly o'er

hill o'er val - ley bounding, while light with

ai_ry ſtep we fly o'er hill o'er val_ley bounding Pleaſ'd I fore_go de_lights ſo

ſweet a Pa_rents dea_rer ſmiles to meet a Pa_rents dear

er ſmiles to meet Tho' pleaſure ſwell the Jovial cry a_mid the

chace reſounding while light with ai_ry ſtep we fly o'er hill and valley bounding.

Pleaſ'd I forego I fore_go delight ſo ſweet a Pa rents dear er dearer

ſmiles to meet a Pa rents ſmiles a

Pa rents ſmiles to meet a Parents ſmiles to meet a Parents ſmiles to meet.

Printed for J. BLAND. N.O 45. HOLBORN.

Hercules

Larghetto Andante

P. Ad.o

Daughter of Gods

P. Ad.o

A Tempo

bright Liber..ty, With thee a thouſand graces reign, With thee a thouſand graces

A Tempo

reign, a thouſand graces reign, a thouſand Plea . . . . . ſures, a thouſand Pleaſures Crow'd thy

train a thouſand gra . . . . . .

Sy.

. . . . ces a thouſand Pleaſures, a thouſand Pleaſures Crow'd thy train, A thouſand thouſ.d

graces, thouſand Pleaſures Crow'd thy train . . . . . Thy train and Hail

Volti. Subito.

thee Lovelieſt De-i-ty, thee Lovelieſt De-i--ty, and Hail thee Lovelieſt De--i-ty, thee

Sy

Lovelieſt De-i--ty,

F. F.

Ad°

A Tempo

Daughter of Gods bright Liber-ty with thee a thouſand graces, a thouſand graces

reign, a thouſand Pleaſures a thouſand Pleaſures reign

a thouſand graces reign,

Sy

a thouſand Pleaſures Crow'd thy train and Hail thee Lovelieſt De-i-ty, thee Lovelieſt Dei

-ty, Sy.

a thouſand Pleaſures Crow'd

P.

Sy.

thy train, and Hail thee Loveliest De..i..ty,

But thou a lass! haft wing'd thy

flight, the graces that Surround thy Throne, the graces that Surround thy Throne and all the

Pleasures with thee gone, and all the Plea

Ad.o

Sy.

...fures remov'd for e..ver from my Sight, remov'd for e..ver from my Sight.

Da Capo dal Segno

THE HARDY SAILOR

A favorite Song in the

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA

Composed by

Dr. Arnold.

Price 1s

Printed for H ANDREWS, No 11, Little Canterbury Place, LAMBETH WALK.

Grazioso

f p f p f p

The har-dy Sai-lor

f p f p f p

braves the O-cean, fearless of the roaring wind, yet his heart, with soft e-mo-tion,

throbs to leave his Love be hind, throbs, throbs, throbs, throbs, yet his

heart, with soft e-mo-tion, throbs to leave his Love be hind, to leave his Love be

hind ---------- to leave, to leave his Love be hind,

mf

Fin

To dread of foreign foes a ſtranger,

p

tho the Youth can dauntleſs roam, a larming fears paint ev 'ry danger, in a ri val left at home, a -

larming fears paint ev 'ry danger in a ri val left at home ---------- ; The

S.

For the German Flute.

Grazioso

S.

hr

Fin

S.

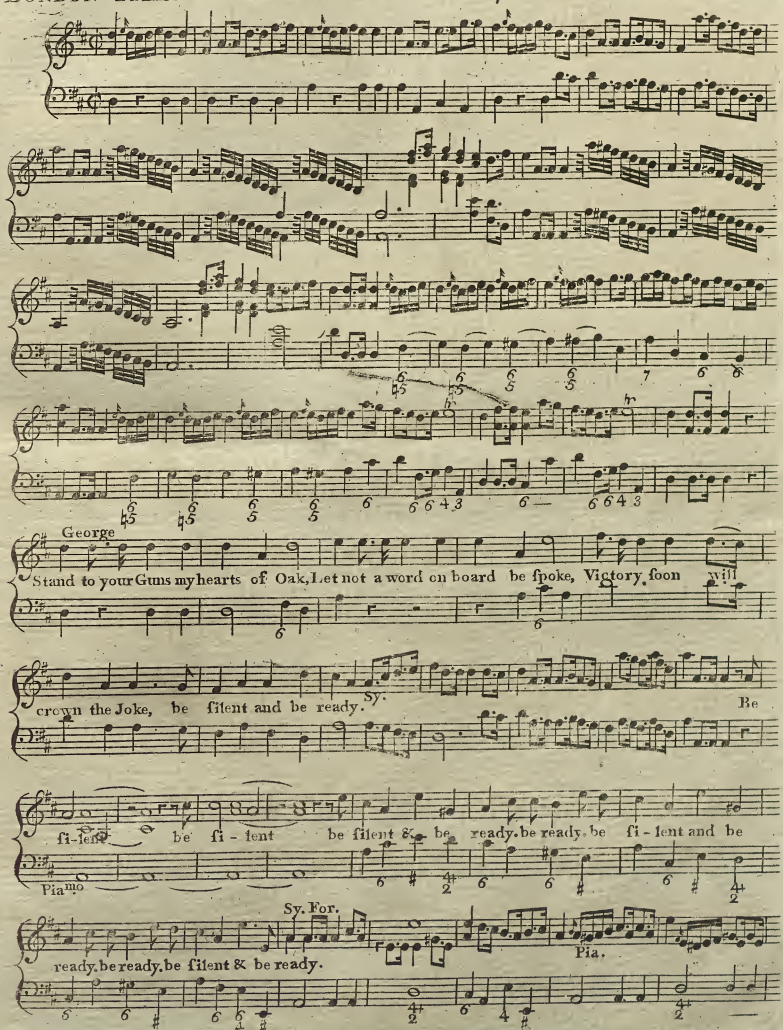
THE SEA FIGHT

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER in the MILESIAN.

Composed by Mr CARTER.

Price 6d

LONDON Printed for S. & A. THOMPSON No 75 St Pauls Church Yard.



For. Ram home your Guns, & ſpunge them well, Let us be ſure the

Balls will tell, the Cannons roar ſhall ſound their knell, Ram home the Guns and ſpunge them well,

Let us be ſure the Balls will tell, the Cannons roar ſhall ſound their knell, be ſteady, be

Sy. Sy.

ſteady, be ſteady Boys, be ſtea - dy, be ſteady, be ſteady, be ſteady

Sy.

Boys be ſteady, be ſteady Boys be ſteady, be ſteady Boys be ſteady.

Not yet nor yet nor yet Reſerve your Fire, I do deſire, not yet nor yet nor yet not

Pia.mo

Sy. For.

yet nor yet nor yet, Reſerve your Fire I do deſire, not yet nor yet nor yet, Fire!

Now the e - lements do rattle, the Gods amaz'd be-

Pianiſs. Piu For.

hold the Battle, now the E-lements do rattle, the Gods amaz'd behold the Battle, the Battle, the Battle the

For. Fortiſs.

Battle, the Battle the Battle the Battle; a Broadſide my Boys, Sy. For.

a Broadſide my Boys, Sy. For.

Pianiſs.

See the Blood in purple tide, trickle

down her batter'd ſide; See the Blood in purple tide, trickle down her batter'd ſide, Wing'd with Fate the Bullets

Pia.

fly, Conquer Boys or bravely die, or bravely die, or bravely die, hurl Deſtruction on your Foes; hurl Deſtruction

For.

on your Foes; ſhe ſinks ſhe ſinks ſhe ſinks Huzza! ſhe ſinks ſhe ſinks ſhe ſinks Huzza! to the Bottom to the

For.

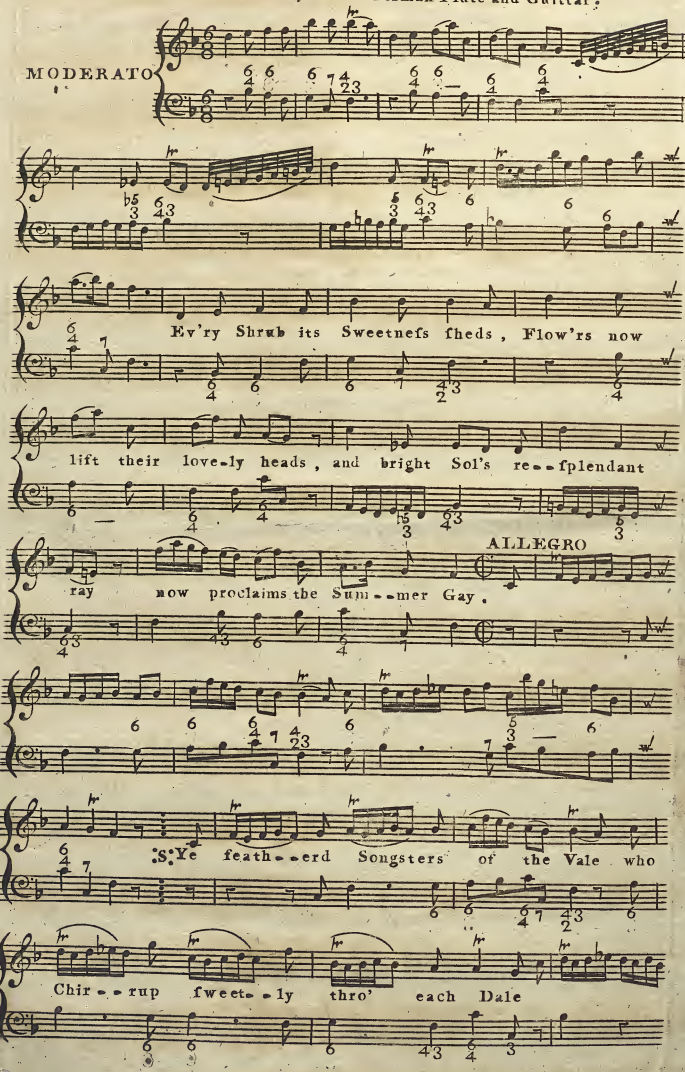
Adg.

Bottom to the Bottom down ſhe goes. to the Bottom to the Bottom to the Bottom down ſhe goes.

Pia

SUMMER

Sung by Miſs Marſhall at the Grotto Gardens.
Adapted for the Harpſichord German Flute and Guittar.



now your lit--tle Throats tune high

'till they reach the A--zure Sky and the

Fortiſſo

Grot--tos all rebound with the Char-ming Chearful Sound

pierch'd up--on the bloſ-ſo-ming Spray, now ſa-lute the

Sum-mer Gay ; F P Fortiſſo :S:

Blea--ting Flocks and Echoing Mountains, Ver--dant meads and

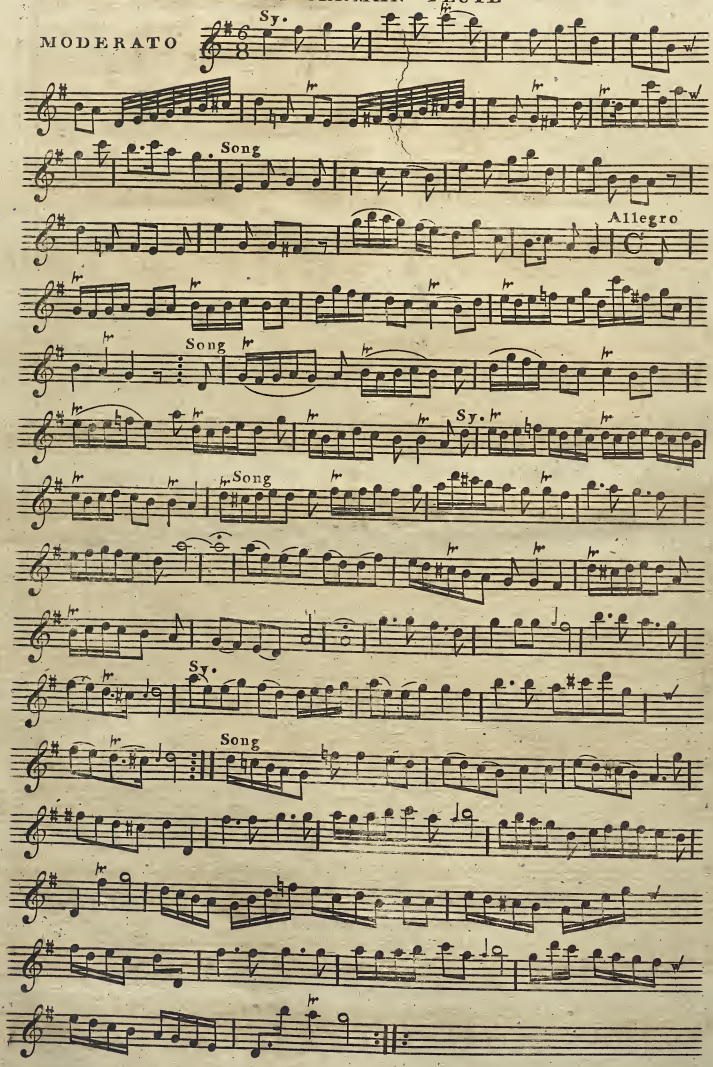
Cres - - - il

Cryſ--tal Fountains, All things now u - - - nite and ſay,

Sum--mer's love--ly ſweet and Gay.

P Cres - - il F Fortiſſo

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



THE DEATH OF ANNA!

A favorite Ballad,

Sung by Mr. Incledon!

Written by John Bayley Esq.r

Composed,

with an Accompaniment for the

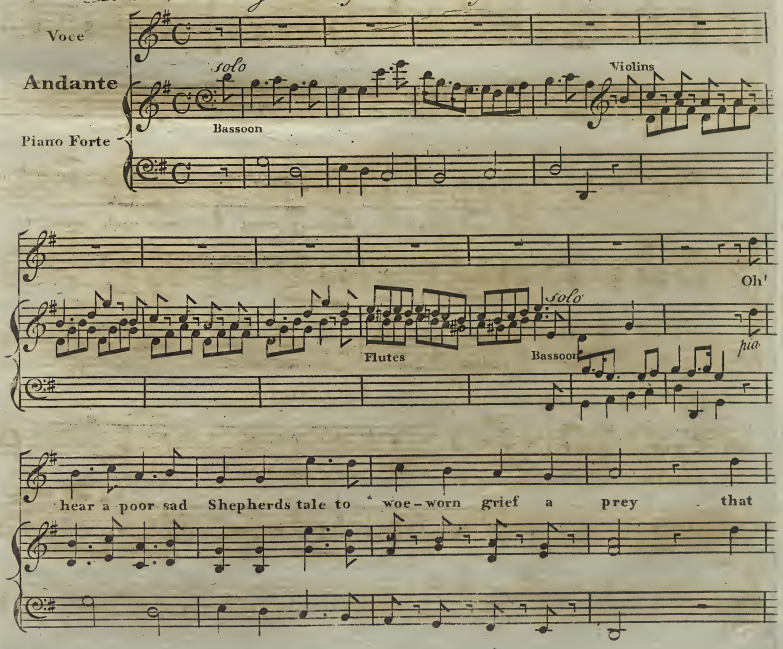
HARP or PIANO FORTE,

by

Reginald Spofforth.

Ent.d at Stationers Hall. Price 1.s

London, Printed by F. Linley No. 45 High Holborn.



hap_py liv'd in Lannow's Vale and cheer'd the coming day 'till

now by ad_verse for_tune torn up - - on the Banks of Bran - - na with

hea_vy heart I rise each morn with hea_vy heart I rise each morn to

weep the loss of An - - - na to weep the loss of An - - - na to

weep the loss of An - - - - na with hea - vy heart I rise each morn to

weep the loss of An - - na.

Flutes

Bassoon

2

For her I cull'd the fairest flow'rs,
And pinn'd them to her breast;
And joyfully we spent the hours,
In plenty, peace, and rest:
Lo! she is gone ne'er to return,
The pensive maid of Branna!
And left me here the loss to mourn,
Ah! well-aday! my Anna.

3

O'er her I'll heave the tender sigh,
Give ease unto my grief;
With pallid cheek and languid eye,
My soul shall find relief.
When on her grave I pensive gaze
The hallow'd turf of Branna!
With uplift hands my Voice I'll raise,
Adieu! Adieu! my Anna!

The favorite Song of GOLDEN TREASURES Sung by Mrs. Billington in the Opera of FONTAINBLEAU

Written by T. O Keefe Esqr.

Set to Music by

Wm SHIELD

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Hay Market

Entered at Stationer's Hall

Pr. 1s.

Affettuoso

sf

sf p

Golden Treasures still be-stowing

Ceres spread thy bounteous hand still bestowing Ceres spread thy

bounteous hand Pa__triot hearts with free_dom glow__ing

Ad lib.m A Tempo

Free pre__ſerve my na__tive land, Pa___triot hearts with

free___dom glowing free pre_ſerve my na___tive Land.

Golden Treaſures ſtill beſtowing CERES ſpread thy bounteous hand lovely CERES

ſpread thy boun_____teous hand. thy bounteous hand.

Allegro

Joy diffusing

never losing sight of this sweet theme my Lay.

Joy dif_fusing ne_ver losing joy diffusing ne_ver losing

sight of this sweet theme my Lay, never losing sight of this sweet theme

ev'_ry blessing she possessing tho' from Albion far a_way Ev'ry blessing

sf

pp

the possess_ing tho' from Al_bion far away al_ tho' from Al_bion

far a_way

NB. This Song may be sung either with or without the Coda.

Coda

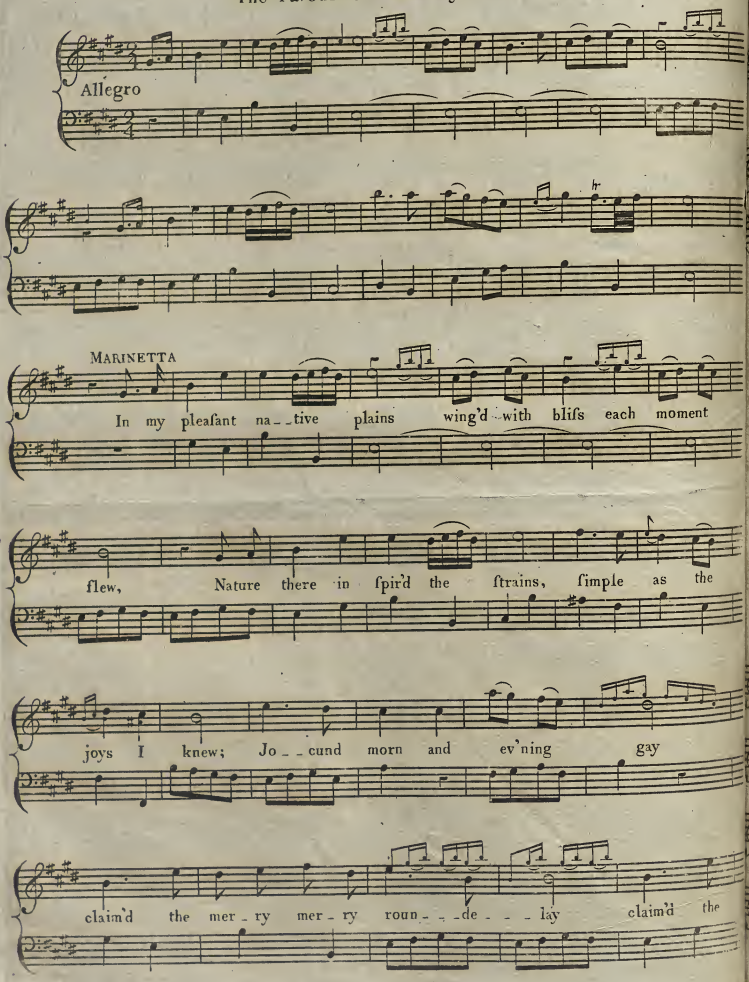
flutes

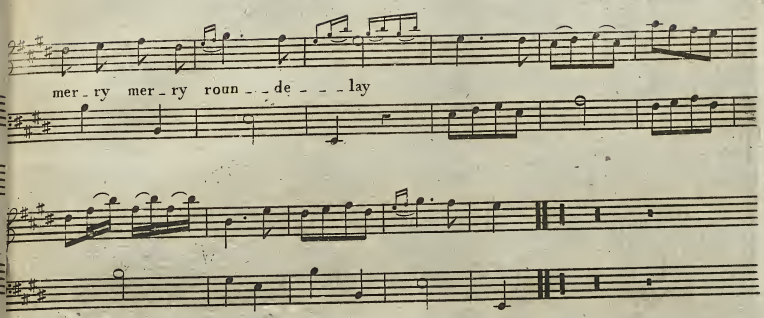
a_way

al_tho from Albion far a_way.

In my Pleasant Native Plains.

The Favourite Roundelay.





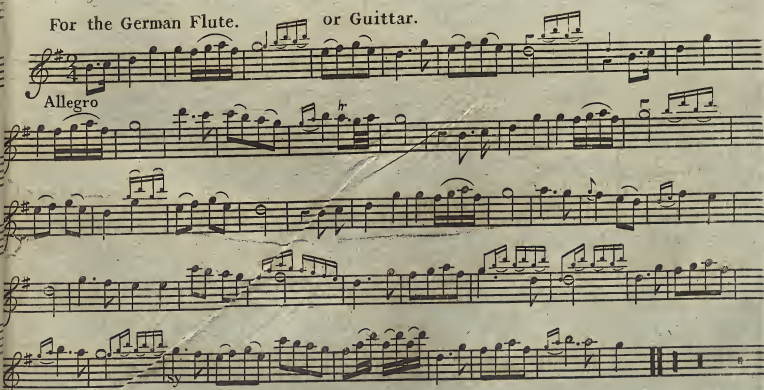
(2)

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and joy impart,
Call'd for artleſs Muſic's pow'rs
Faithful ecchoes to the heart.
Happy hours for ever gay
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

(3)

But the breath of genial Spring
Wak'd the warblers of the grove,
Who, ſweet Birds, that heard you ſing
Wou'd not join the ſong of love.
Your ſweet Notes and chauntings gay
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

For the German Flute. or Guittar.



A Favourite Song

Sung by Mrs. Arne at Vauxhall.

The Winter its defolate train of Froft and of Tempeft may

Sy

bring yet Flora fteps forwards a-gain And Nature revives in the Spring revives - - -, Yet

Sy

Flora fteps forwards again And Nature revives in the Spring - - And Nature revives in the Spring

Sy

Tho' the Sun in his Glories de-creafe of his

Sy

Beams in the Evning is Shorn Yet he rifes with Joy in the Eaft and repairs them again in y e Morn Tho' the

Sun in his Glories decreafe of his Beams in the Evning is Shorn of his Beams in the Evning is Shorn Yet he

rifes with Joy in the Eaft - - - and repairs them again in the Morn Yet he rifes with Joy in the Eaft - -

- - And repairs them again in the Morn.

(2)

But what can Youth's Sunſhine recall
Or the Bloſſoms of Beauty reſtore
When it's Leaves are beginning to fall
It dies and it's heard of no more
The Spring time of Love then employ
'Tis a Leſſon that's eaſy to learn
For Cupid's a Vagrant, a Boy
And his Scaſons will never return.

For the Ger: Flute

Depriv'd of thee twere only Woe

a favorite Duet sung by

Mrs. BILLINGTON & Mr. INCLEDON

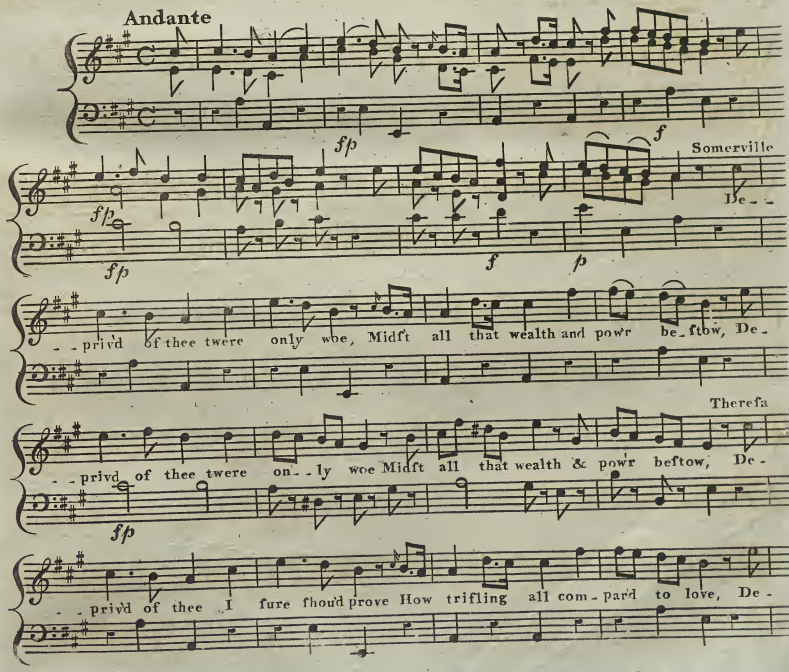
at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden

composed by

JOSEPH MAZZINGHI

London. Printed for G. Goulding No. 6, James Street, Covent Garden.

Price 1s.h



..drivd of thee I ſure ſhoud prove How trifling all compard to love The

f

Min

tender ſigh the raptrous tear can give the on..ly bliſs ſincere the

8va alto

ten..der ſigh the raptrous tear can give the on..ly bliſs ſin-cere

loco

Maj

De-privd of thee twere on-ly woe Midſt all that wealth & powr beſtow De-

..privd of thee twere ſure ſhould prove How trifling all com-pard to love

f *p*

Therefa

Somerville The tender ſigh the raptrous tear can give can give the on-ly

The tender ſigh the raptrous tear can give can give can give the on-ly

Cres *f*

bliſs ſincere The ten der ſigh the rapt-rous tear can give the

bliſs ſincere The ten-der ſigh the raptrous tear can give the on-ly

on - lv blifs fin - cere can give the on - - ly blifs fin - cere can give the

on - lv blifs fin - cere can give the on - - ly blifs fin - cere can give the

on - - ly blifs fincere.

on - - ly blifs fincere.

For the Guitar

Andante

Min

Maj

2 The Morn appears with Beauty round,

A favorite Hunting Song,

Composed by

S. F. RIMBAULT.

Pr. 1s

Ent at Stationers Hall

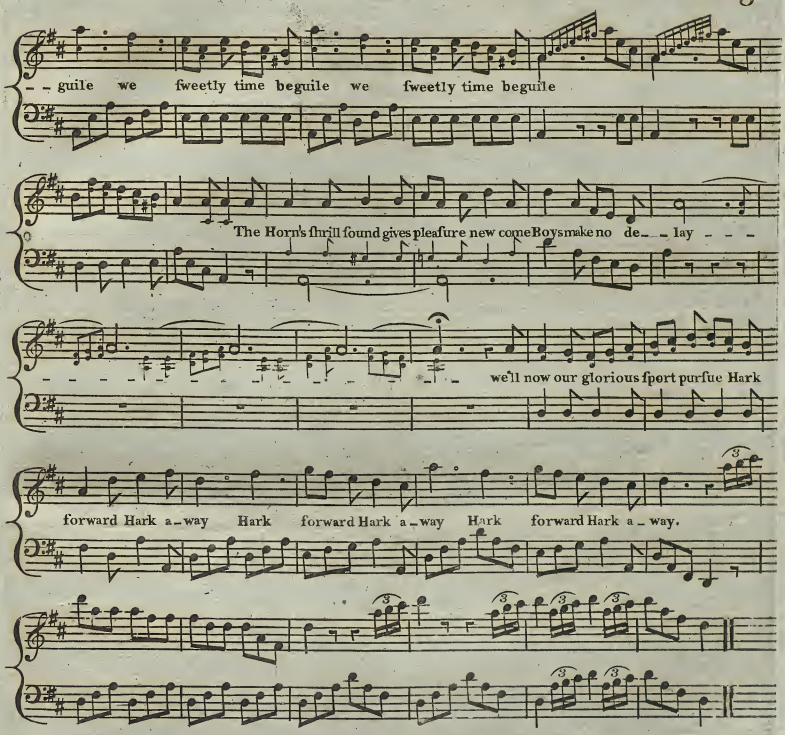
London: Printed & Sold at Thompsons Warehouse, 75 St. Pauls Church Yard.

Spiritoso

The morn appears with beauty round all Nature seems to

smile, what pleasure in the Chace is found, we sweetly time beguile, what pleasure in the

Chace is found what pleasure in the Chace is found we sweetly time beguile we sweetly time be -



2

Our Steeds and Hounds can't be excell'd,
O'er Hedge and Ditch they fly,
Stiles, Gates, and Bars have ne'er repell'd,
Or made them ever ſhy;
We Sportſmen void of Care or pain,
With Health are bleſt each Day,
Delighted to ſcud o'er the Plain,
Hark! forward hark! away.

3

Through Bog and Mire we fleet along,
Till Reynard gaſping lies,
What jovial Shouts ſalute the Throng,
When vanquiſh'd, gor'd, he dies!
No Pleaſures with the Chace can vie,
It makes us ever gay,
For jocund the next Morn we cry,
Hark! forward hark! away.

You Gentlemen of England.

A Favorite Song,

Taken from the Celebrated Opera of

The New Mariners

Sung at Harrison & Knyvetts Concerts,

& in the New Opera of

The Travellers in Switzerland,

Composed by

J. W. Calleott, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

Entered at Stationers Hall. Price 1/-

London, Printed for and Sold by J. Dale,
No. 70, Cornhill & No. 132 Oxford Street, facing Hanover Square.

Allegro ma non troppo Presto

f p Cres sf

sf

You Gentlemen of England that live at home at

Dolce

eafe Ah little do you think upon the dangers of the Seas Give

mez: 6 mez: p T.S.

car un-to the Mariners and they will plainly show All the

cares and the fears all the cares and the fears all the cares and the

fears When the ſtormy winds do blow. When the ſtormy winds do

p Cres ten: p Cres

Chos. f

blow When the ſtormy winds do blow when the ſtormy winds do blow when the

ten: p Cres ten: f

ſtormy winds do blow when the ſtormy winds do blow when the ſtormy

winds do blow when the ſtormy winds do blow.

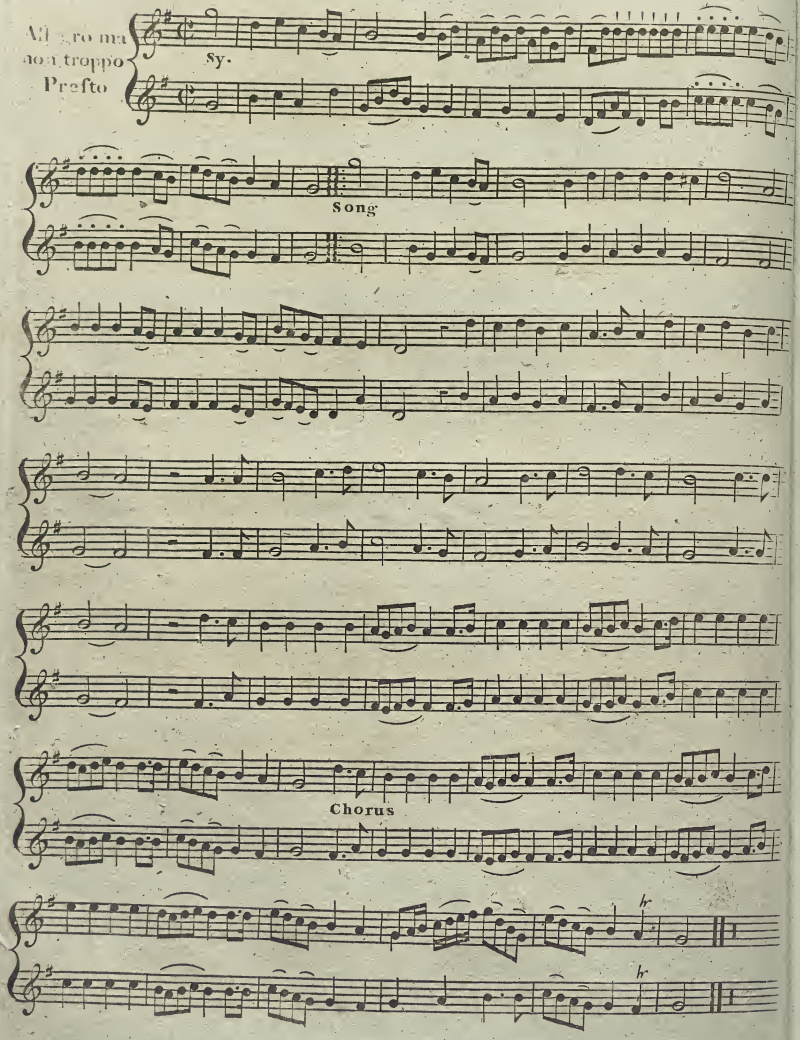
2

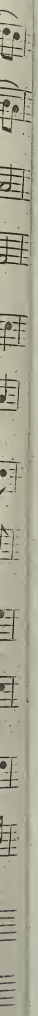
If enemies oppoſe us, when England is at wars
With any foreign nations, we fear not wounds nor ſcars,
Our roaring guns ſhall teach 'em our valour for to know,
Whilſt they reel on the keel, when the ſtormy winds do blow.

3

Then courage all brave mariners, and never be diſmay'd,
Whilſt we have bold adventurers we ne'er ſhall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us to fetch them wealth we know,
Then be bold, work for gold, when the ſtormy winds do blow.

For one or two Ger. Flutes





AH WELLADAY POOR ANNA.

A favorite New Song,

Sung by Master Welsh,

AT

Vauxhall Gardens,

Composed by Mr. Hook.

Enter'd at Stationers Hall. *Price 6d.*

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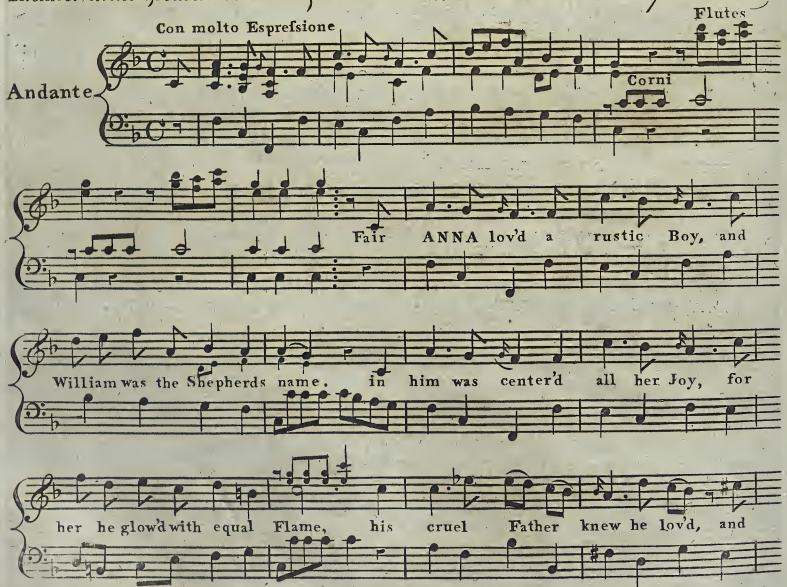


forc'd him o'er the Seas a - - way. A - - lone and ſad poor AN - - NA rov'd, and

thus ſung out Ah! well a day, Ah! well a day, well a day, well a day, Ah! well a day.

ſigh fond Heart, ſigh fond Heart, ſigh fond Heart, but do not break,

rinf.

Exp.vo

Flutes

deep in Love, deep in Love, deep in Love but dare not ſpeak.

pp *rinf.*

2

A wealthy Neighbour woo'd the Maid,
His gold her fordid Mother won,
The gentle ANNA thus betray'd,
Was forc'd to Church and was undone,
Returning back ſhe met her Love,
Ah! William dear ſhe fondly cried,
May you a happier fortune prove,
She preſs'd his hand — She ſigh'd and died,
Ah! well a day, well a day, Ah! well a day,
Gentle Hearts too ſoon will break,
Deep in Love who dare not ſpeak.

THE LAUGHING POWR'S,

a favorite BALLAD in the OPERA of

Robin Hood. Composed by W.m Shield.

Pr: 6.d

London, Printed & Sold by J. Bland, at his Music Warehouse, 45 Holborn.

Andante Softenuto

The laugh - - ing powr's that led the wan-ton hours, that led the wanton hours, when love was in her prime.

Flute

Open'd the cells of flow'r's to ai-ry pa-ramours and bid the lovefick Poet figh in rhyme.

Expreſs.o

2.

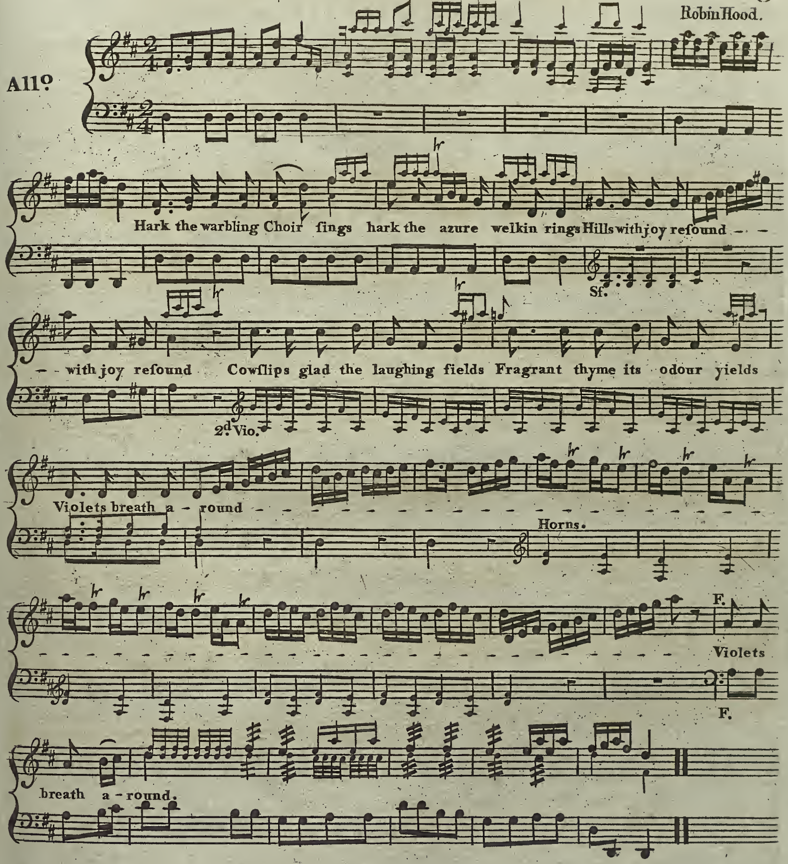
Oh! Summer all too fair
Oh! bliſſes all too high oh! Summer all too fair
Oh! might ſhe not have known
That ſweeteſt flow'r the ſooneſt blown is ſooneſt ſooneſt gone,
That flow'r the ſooneſt blown is ſooneſt gone.

3

That cleareſt ſtream beneath a Summer ſky
That cleareſt ſtream beneath may ſoon be dry!
She never ſaid
Can my dear love fly 'till he was he was fled
She never ſaid can my love fly till he was fled.

HARK THE WARBLING CHOIR SINGS.

Robin Hood.



Elms their verdant honours ſpread
Dew drops gild the moſsy bed
Daiſies bloom among
Daiſies bloom among
Soft and joyous through the Skies
Thouſand ſprightly voices riſe
Echo joins the ſong
Echo joins the ſong

Bliſsful ſcenes ſoon paſs away
Prides the glimmer of a day
Flies on rapid wing
Flies on rapid wing
Learn to know vain mortal man
Fleeting life is but a ſpan
Emblem of the ſpring
Emblem of the ſpring

Ah, Lodoiska!

A favorite Air

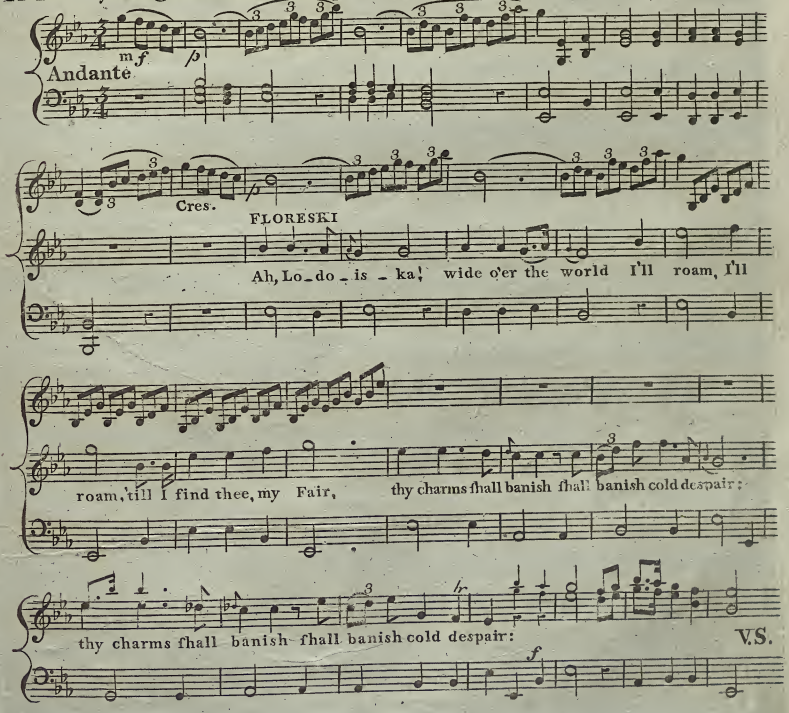
as Sung by Mr. Kelly in the Opera of

LODOISKA

Composed by M. Kreutzer

LONDON Price 1s.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Haymarket.



Love's Torch shall il - lume the Desert's thick gloom, and guide with cheering

p sf

ray thy Pil - grim's doubt - ful way, thy Pil - grim's doubt - ful way, and

sf sf sf cres f

guide with cheering ray, thy Pil - grim's thy Pil - grim's doubt - ful way.

p

cres mf

Ah Lo - do - is - - ka wide o'er the

world I'll roam, I'll roam, 'till I find thee, my fair;

hr hr

thy charms shall ba - nish cold des - pair pale - - des - pair.

Agitato

p

but a - - las but a - - las ſhould cruel

des - ti - ny or - dain ſhould cruel des - ti - ny or - dain that our true love must haplefs

prove and we can ne - ver meet a - - gain - but, a - las!

but, a - las! ſhould cruel des - ti - ny or - dain that our true love ſhould haplefs

prove. and we can ne - - ver meet a - - gain it's malice I'll de -

f p

- fy and for my Lo - do - is - ka die, it's malice I'll de - fy and for my Lo - do - is - ka

cres f p cres f

die. p but a - las

p

V.S.

But a_ las ſhould cruel des_ti_ny or_dain that we are ne'er to meet a_

gain that we are ne'er to meet a _gain that our true

love must hap_leſs prove and we are ne'er to meet a_gain it's

malice I'll de_fy and for Lo_do_is_ka die. ſhould cruel des_ti_ny or_dain that

our true love must haplefs prove and we ne'er meet a_gain it's malice I'll de_

_fy and for Lodoiska die and for Lodoiska die and for Lodoiska die and for

Lo_do_is_ka die.

The Favorite Song

Sung by Miss Wentworth in the FAIRY FESTIVAL,

AT

The Theatre Royal Drury Lane

Composed by

Mr. Attwood.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Price 1s.

LONDON

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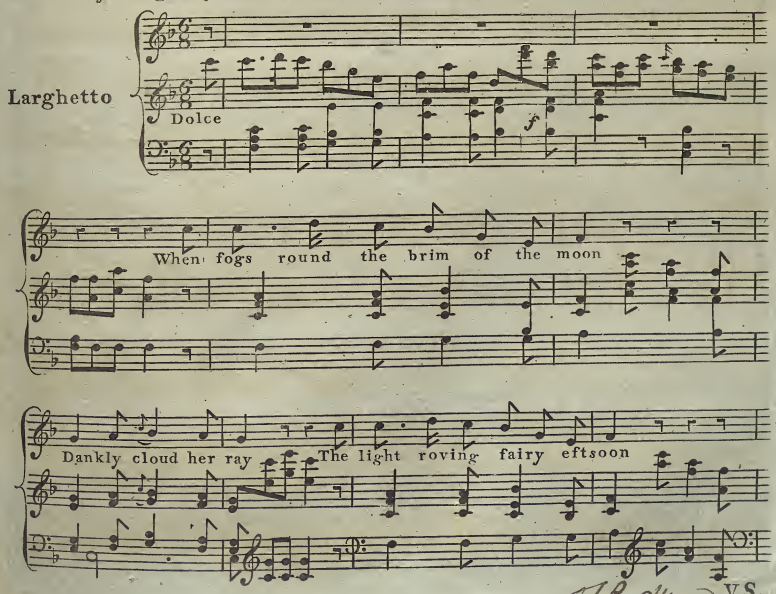


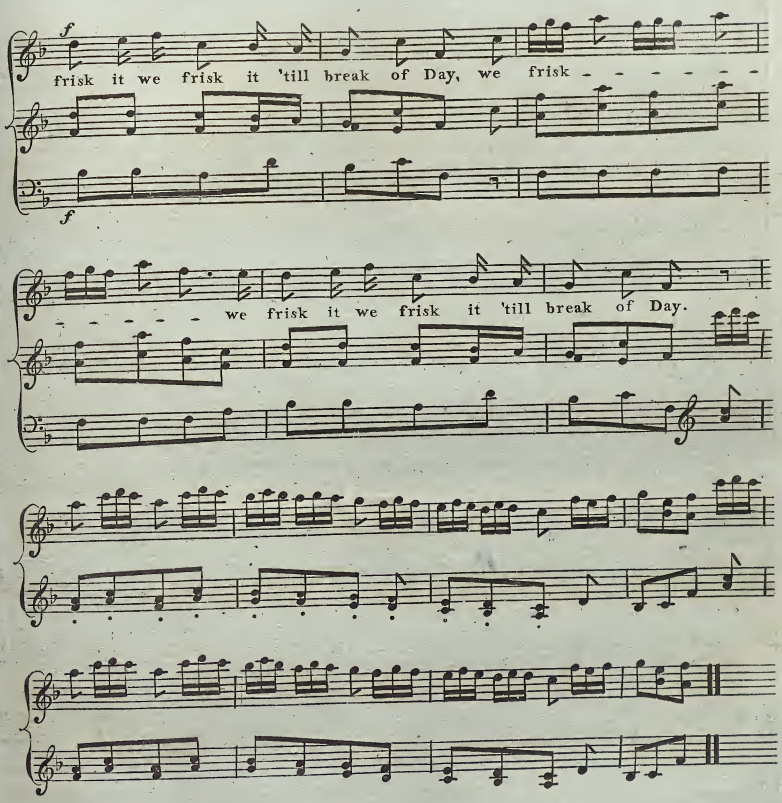
fadd'ning loofs a - way fadd'ning fadd'ning loofs a - way fadd'ning

Allegro

fadd'ning loofs a - way. Let her ſmile To beguile Our Spirits the while,

our Spirits the while And we frisk it we frisk it till break of day

we frisk it till break of day we frisk - - - - - - - - - - - we



2

When the Sun frowns at wainy Eve
In mist-tears nature weeps,
Each mortal his revels must leave,
And ſullen homeward creeps,
Let him ſmile,
To beguile,
His Spirits the while,
And he'll frisk 'till his Dawn Ray peeps.

3

Your Eyes are these Planets to me
Scowl'd with darkling hue,
That frightens ingenuous Glee
From ſnow mounts ever true.
Do but ſmile,
To beguile,
My Spirits the while,
And my heart will frisk open to you.

ANNA'S
Lullaby

The Words, written, and Sung at the

THEATRE ROYAL in the HAYMARKET

BY

Mr. JOHNSTONE

Composed by

J. Carter

Entered at Stationer's Hall — Price 1s.

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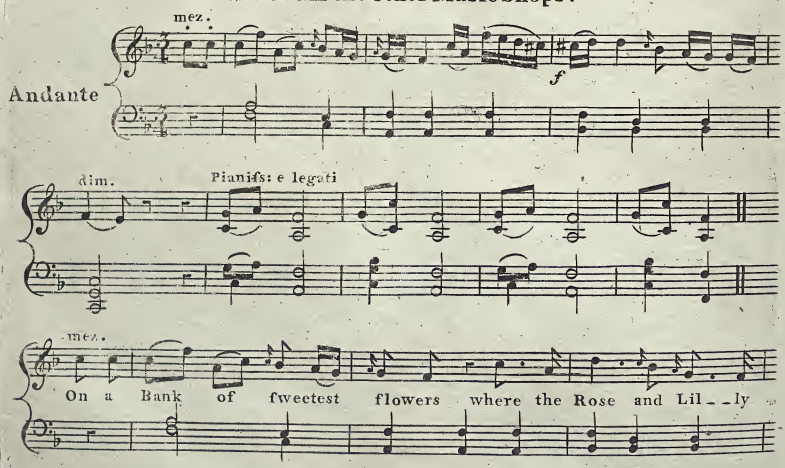

vie, Therethe Maid beguil'd fad hours ANNA there fung lul - la -

- by, ANNA there fung lul - la - - by, lul - la - - by, lul - la -

mez. Pianifs: e Sostenuto

- by, AN - - NA there fung lul - la - - by, lul - la - - by,

Pianifs:

lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

2

Her Soul's treasure from her parted,
Gone to Conquer or to Die;
She exclaims quite broken hearted,
"Cannons Roar his Lullaby."
"Lullaby, Lullaby."

3

"May the hand of heav'n defend him,"
"Turn the Balls that round him fly;"
"To his ANNA's Arms safe fend him"
"There in peace sing Lullaby."
"Lullaby, Lullaby."

LOVELY NAN,

written & composed by

Mr. DIBDIN,

and Sung by him

in his new Entertainment called

GREAT NEWS

or

A TRIP TO THE ANTIPODES.

Pr. 1s

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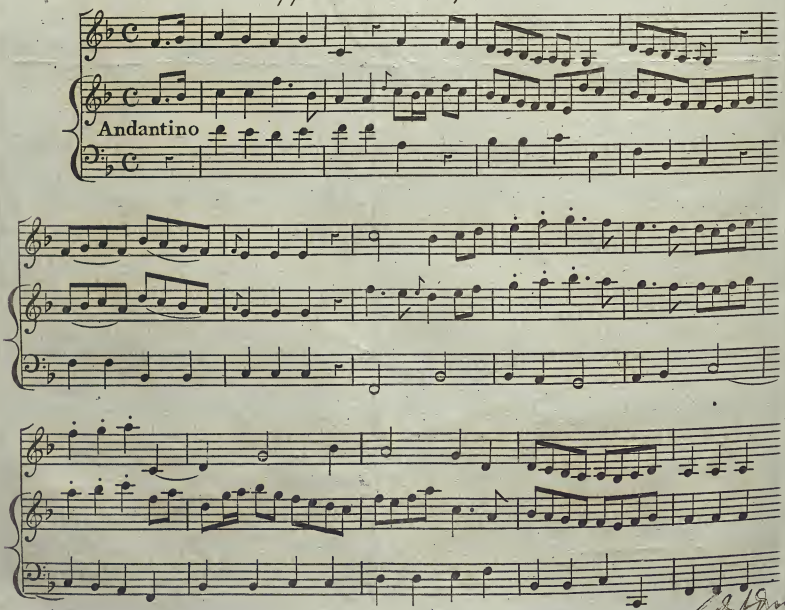


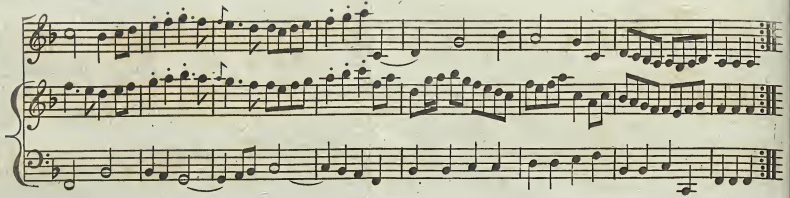
Sweet is the Ship that under sail Spreads her white bo_ som to the gale

Sweet oh fweet's the flowing can Sweet's oh fweet's the flowing can Sweet to poise the

labouring oar That tugs us to our native shore When the Boatswain pipes the barge to man when the

Boatswain pipes the barge to man Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze But oh much fweeter

than all these But oh much fweeter than all thefe Is Jack's de_ light his lovely Nan.



2

The needle faithful to the north,
To shew of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man:

The needle time may rust, a squall
Capsize the Binacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can:

My love in worth shall higher rise,
Nor time shall rust nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to Lovely Nan.

3

When in the Bilboas I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And every creature from me ran;

No ship performing Quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen;
None hail'd me woman, child, nor man,

But though false friendship's sails we're furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in Lovely Nan.

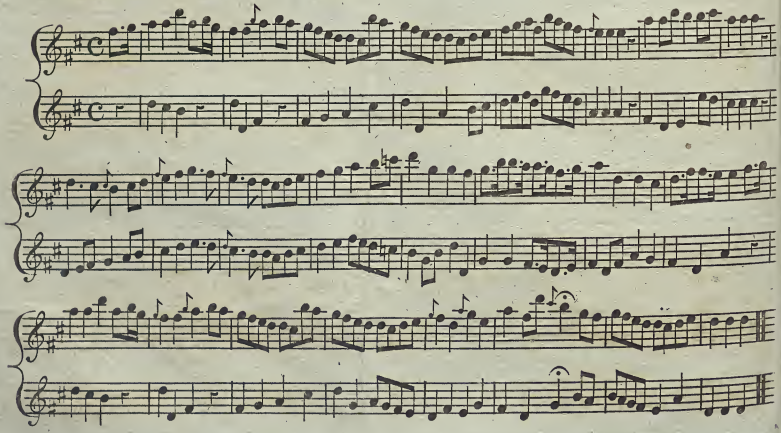
4

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loss who hazard ran,

I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart,
By manners love to shew the man,

To sail through life by honour's breeze,
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on Lovely Nan.

For two Flutes.



Since all my hopes dear maid.

Composed by Mr. Shield & Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the Opera of Robin Hood.

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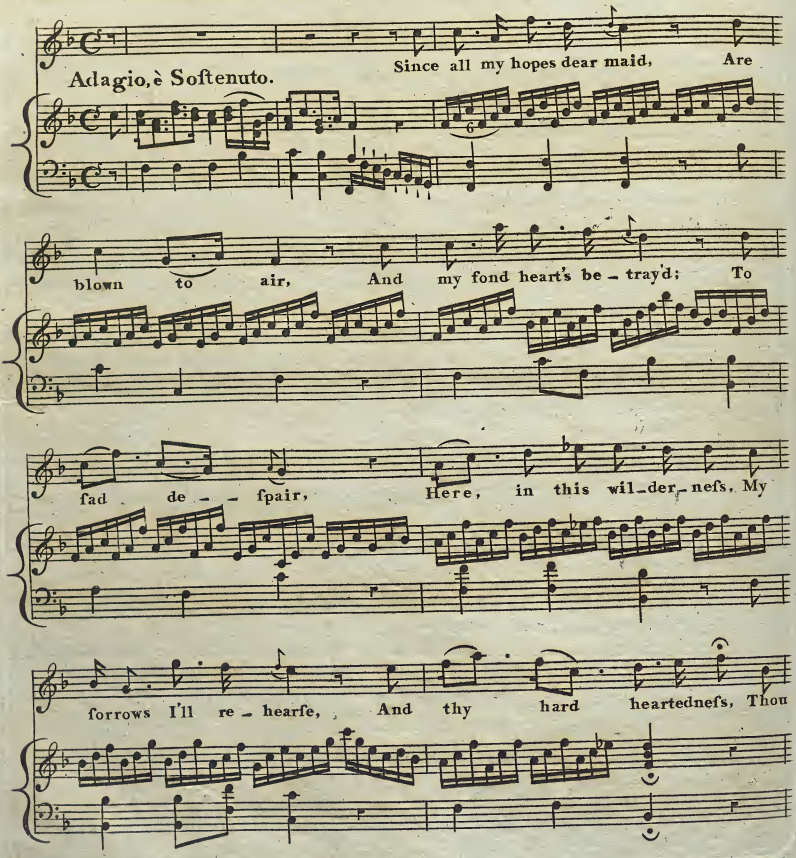


cru - - el fair, No

sf

bell, no fun'ral fire, No tears for me, No

grave do I de - fire, No ob - - fe - - quie, The

gentle redbreaſt, he With leaves ſhall co - ver me, And

ſing my e - le - gy, Moſt dole - ful - ly.

WHEN BRITAIN ON THE FOAMING MAIN,

The Celebrated Song.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in

THE LOCK and KEY,

Composed by Mr. Shield.

Price 1s.

LONDON
Printed & Sold by Preston & Son at their Wholesale Warehouses 97 Strand.

Bold

Cheerly

When Britain on the foaming Main bids her Sons their rights de - - clare when

Britain on the foaming Main on the foaming Main her native reign bids her Sons their rights declare When

1st

2d

- - clare Soon as her fires have taught the foe have taught the foe a - gain to know who their

for.

dauntless Conquerors are

Soon as her fires have taught the foe have taught the foe a_gain to know who their dauntless Conquerors

are The Sailors bo_som swells with joy beyond the glo_ry to destroy He

Espressivo

feels the pow'r to save he feels the pow'r to save and Conq'ring views a foe no more In

for.

him who fought his Life before He Conq'ring views a foe no more in him who fought his

Cres:

Cres:

ten:

pia.

Life before but lifts him from the wave but lifts him from the wave. but

lifts him from the wave.

for.

fine While Seas are rol _ _ _ _ _ _ _ ling mountains high our Boats we

for.

for.

Slower & with Expression

Oboe

in time

ply 'Tis a fellow Creature falls 'tis a fellow Creature falls While Seas are rolling moun - - -

- - - - tains high - our Boats we ply 'tis a fellow Creature falls 'tis a

fellow Creature falls See him raise his hands in fear See him raise his hands in fear And

wond'ring hear the Chearing voice that his life re - - - calls The Sailors

Dal Segno

German Flute or Guittar

Cheerly

Bold

1 2

Expr.vo

f

p

f

Dal Segno

Oh what can match the pleasure,

Sung by M.rs Billington,
at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,
in the MAJICIAN no CONJUROR,

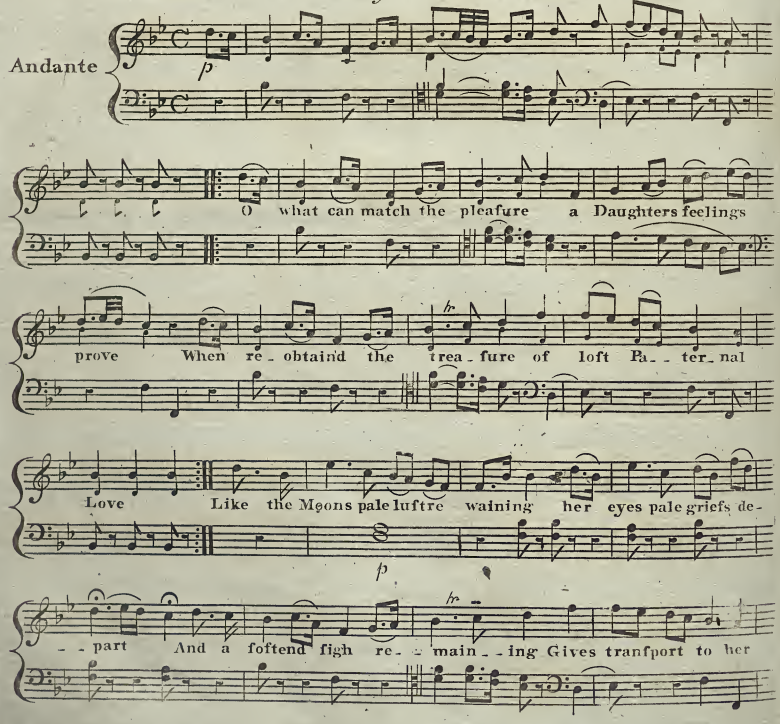
Composed by

JOSEPH MAZZINGHI.

the Poetry by De la Crusca.

London, Printed for Geo. Goulding, N.o 6, James Street, Covent Garden.

Price 1s



heart *f* A

Father long de - - lu - - ded ſhall hold her dou - bly dear And

ſhe no more fe - - clu - ded for get he was fe - - vere Like the

moons pure luſtre waining Her eyes pale griefs de - part And a

ſoftend ſigh re - - main - ing Gives tranſport to her heart Gives tranſ - - -

port to her heart Gives tranſ - - - - - - - port to her

heart

For the GUITTAR

Andante

Theresa

O what can match the plea - fure a Daughters feelings prove, When reobtaind the trea - fure of loft Paternal Love Like the Moons pure luftre waining her eyes pale griefs de - part And a foftend figh re - maining Gives tranfport to her heart

A Father long de - lu - - ded fhall hold her doubly dear And fhe no more fe - - clu - - - ded for get he was fe - vere Like the Moons pure luftre waining Her eyes pale griefs de - - part And a foftend figh re - main - ing Gives tranfport to her heart Gives tranf port to her heart Gives tranf - - - - port to her heart.

For the GERMAN FLUTE

Andte

Descend some warring Angel

As Sung by Mr. Kelly in the Opera of

LODOISKA

Composed by Sigr. Andreozzi.

Pr. 1s.

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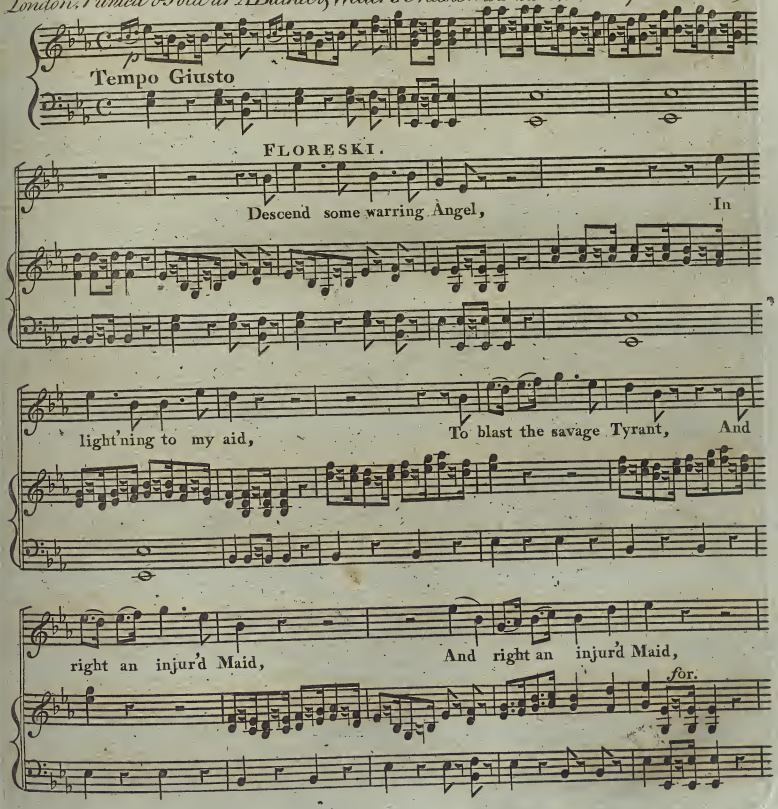

Subdued by Fate to you I kneel; You look like men, like men should

f p

feel, You look like men like men should feel, Fool, Fool not to know, they

Cres. il

laugh they laugh at woe. Descend some warring Angel,

p

f

In light'ning to my aid, To blast the savage

Tyrant, And right an injur'd Maid, And right an injur'd

Allegro Moderato

Maid. Let my

f

Lo - do - is - ka's charms, In your hearts compassion move, Soldiers, con - - se =

p

= = crate your Arms, At the shrine of faithful love, At the shrine of faithful

love, Descend some warring Angel to my aid, De = =

= = scend in light'ning to my aid, To blast this savage

fp *fp*

Tyrant, And right an in - - - jur'd Maid.

Sym.

fp *fp* *f*

Let my Lo..do..is..ka's charms, In your breasts compassion move,

fp *pp*

Soldiers con..se..crate your Arms, At the shrine of faithful love, At the

shrine of faithful love, At the shrine of faithful love, At the

shrine of faithful love, at the shrine of faithful love, At the

fp

shrine of faithful love, At the shrine of faithful love, of faith..ful

f

love, of faithful love.

f

When Placid Night diffuses o'er the Plain,

Sung by Mr. Incledon & Mrs. Billington,

at the Theatre Royal, Covt. Garden, in the

MAGICIAN no CONJUROR,

Composed by

the Poetry by Dela Gusca. JOSEPH MAZZINGHI. *Price 1 Shill.*

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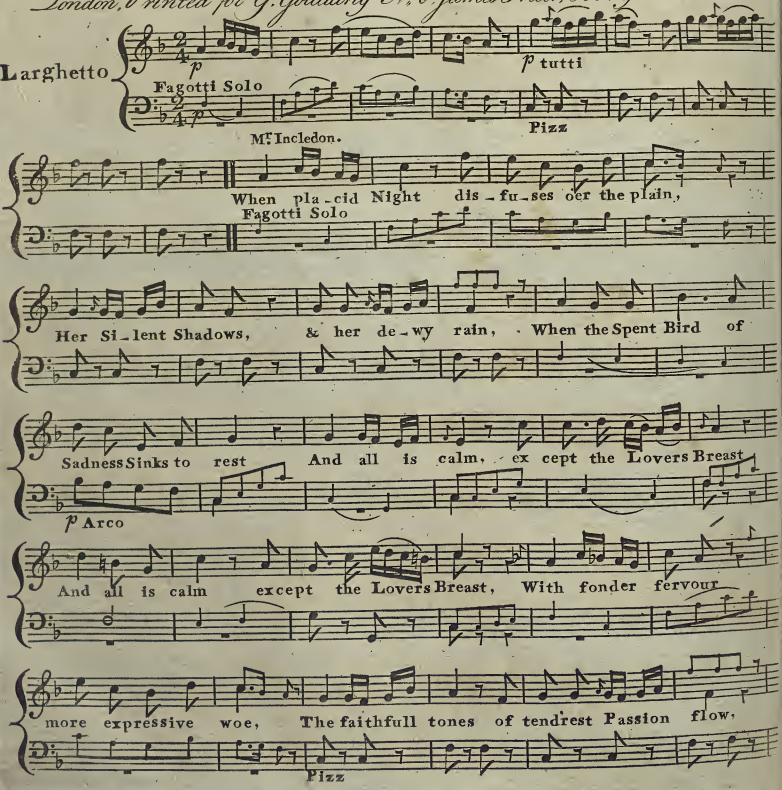


The faithfull tones of tendres Passion flow.

Mrs Billington.

Larghetto

p

Fagotti Solo

p tutti

Pizz

When o'er the Earth the breeze of darkness flies,

Wake-ful, And wan, perchance the Mai-den lies, Yet fixd on one alone, in

Pizz

vain con find, A che rishd Image lives upon her Mind, A

Arco p

che rishd I mage lives upon her mind, O then O then with

gratefull Svmpa thy she hears Her Lovers Voice, and answers with her Tears, She

hears her Lover's Voice, and answers with her Tears

Sung by Mr. Incledon
For the German Flute.

Larghetto

When placid Night diffufes o'er the plain Her fi_lent fhadows and her dewy rain

When the fpent Bird of fadnefs finks to reft And all is calm except the Lover's

Breaft, And all his calm except the Lover's Breaft, With fonder fervour

more expref_sive woe, The faithful tones of tendreft Pafsion flow

The faithful tones of tendreft Pafsion flow.

Sung by Mrs. Billington
For the Guittar

Larghetto

When o'er the Earth the breeze of darknefs flies, Wake_ful and

wan per_chance the Maiden lies, Yet fixd on one alone, in vain con_

find A che _rifhd Image lives up_on her mind, A che_ _rifhd

I_ _mage lives up_on her mind O! then O! then with grateful Sympa_

_thy fhe hears her Lo_vers voice, And anfwers with her tears She

hears her Lover's Voice, And anfwers with her tears.

Soft pleasing pains.

Composed by

Dr. Arne.

Vio 2d

Cembalo

p

Soft pleasing Pains unknown before, my beating Bosom

feels, When I behold the blifs - - full bow'r where dear - - - eft Delia

dwells, That way, I dai - ly drive my flock Ah, hap - py hap - - - py

Vale! There look and wiſh and while I look my ſighs increaſe the Gale my

ſighs en-creaſe the Gale.

2

Sometimes at Midnight do I ſtray,
Beneath inclement Skies,
And there my true devotion pay,
To Delias ſleep ſeald Eyes,
So pious Pilgrims nightly roam,
With tedious travel faint,
To kiſs alone the Clay cold tomb,
Of ſome lov'd favrite Saint.

3

O tell ye ſhades! that ſold my fair
And all my Bliſs contain,
Ah! why ſhoud ye thoſe bleſsings ſhare,
For which I ſigh in vain,
But let me not at fate repine,
And thus my griefs impart
She's not your Tenant — She is mine
Her mansion is my Heart.

For the German Flute

Sy

So

Sy

The Health-Giving Chace.

Composed by Dr. ARNOLD.

The Words by Mr. Harrison.

LONDON

Price 6d.

Printed for Harrison and Co. No. 18. Paternoster Row.

Horns

Sprightly

tutti

Hark! hark! tis the sound of the mellow-toned horn, That

Horns

thrills so de_lightfully sweet in my ear, Nights fair_ly run

down by the sure-footed Morn, And the bright beams of Phœbus be_gin to ap_pear.

SONG 13.

Then a - rife Brother Sportsmen, fee Sols jolly face, And his

Horns

Summons o - bey to the Health giving Chace Then a - rife then arife then a -

- rife, Brother Sportfmen, fee Sols jolly face, And his Summons obey to the Health giving Chace - -

- then a -

- way, then a - way, to the Health giving Chace.

2.

The high mettled fteeds hear with pleafure the found,
Paw the plain with impatience and fnuff the rich gale;
While their neighing's returnd by each opning hound,
All eager to fly, up the hill, down the dale.
Then arife, Brother Sportsmen fee Sol's jolly face;
And his fummons obey, to the Health giving Chace.

3.

The dew drops that lurk on each blade, leaf, or fpray,
Now the Morn's piercing eye all their coverts explores;
Are chacd by the Sun's fiery ardour away,
While their fragrance full ftreams of falubrity pours.
Then arife, Brother Sportsmen, fee Sol's jolly face;
And his fummons obey, to the Health giving Chace.

4.

The Fox, who all night, amidft darknefs profound,
On the facred retirements of Innocence ftole;
Now dreads retribution in every found,
And fhrinks to the innermoft depths of his hole.
Then arife, Brother Sportsmen, fee Sol's jolly face;
And his fummons obey to the Health giving Chace.

5.

Let us, with calm bofoms, unconfcious of wrong,
All vile mifcreants hunt down, who on Innocence prey;
Nor lofe fight of Virtue, in fports or in fong,
That our hearts may rejoice at the clofe of the day.
Then arife, Brother Sportsmen, fee Sol's jolly face;
And his fummons obey, to the Health giving Chace.

London Printed & Sold by LLAVENU, No. 23, Duke Street, St. James's

The Banks of Chelmer,

A Favorite Song.

WRITTEN by G. S. CAREY.

And Set to Music by

Mr. Wm. Knyvett.

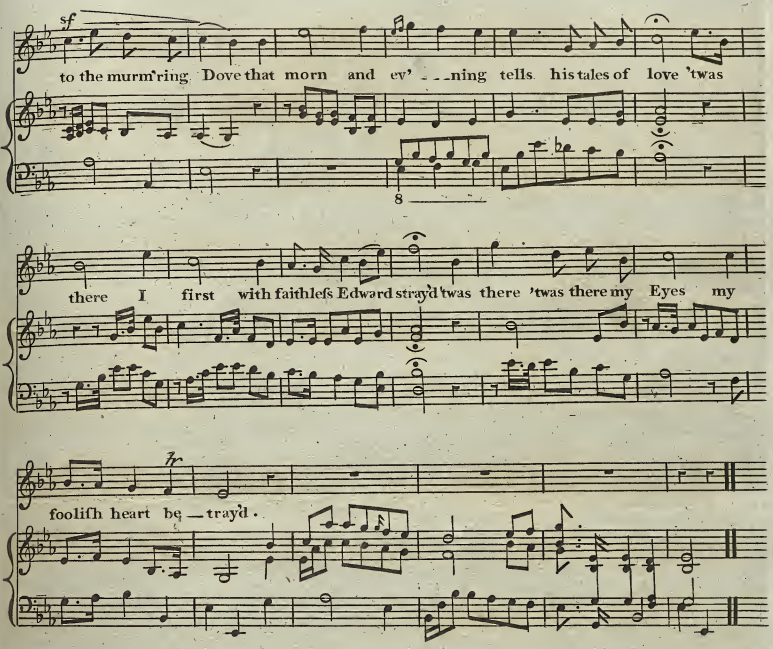
Entd. at Stationers Hall. (Sold also by the Author, No. 11, Shratton Sht. Piccadilly.) Price 1s.

Andantino

Low in a vale be-neath a rising hill a

down which hurrys hurrys many'a plaintive rill In soft ac-cor-dance

WK



2

Ah who'd have thought that falshood ever hung
Mix'd with the love like notes of Edward's tongue
Ye Banks of Chelmer witness to his Vows
Ye willows too that shaded us with boughs
Ye waves that swell'd and kiss'd the meadows brim
As if ye envy'd me each kiss of him.

3

Come swell again receiving while I weep
My briny tears, do mix them with the deep
For Edwards vows were false as subtle sands
That many a fair and gallant Vessel strands
Rather, than doom me thus to love a slave
Ye fates o'erwhelm me in yon watry grave.

A

P

Canzonet *Composed by S. Storace* Price 1s.

Allegretto

p

If Wine and Muſick have the Pow'r, to

p

Cres: *ll* *f*

eaſe the ſick-neſs of the Soul, let Phœbus ev'-ry ſtring ex-plore, and

Cres: *ll* *f*

p

Bacchus fill the ſprightly Bowl Let Phœbus ev'-ry ſtring ex-plore and

p

f

Bacchus fill the ſprightly Bowl. Bacchus fill the ſprightly Bowl.

f

Printed by Longman and Broderip N.o 26 Cheapside and N.o 13 Hay Market

p

Let them their friendly aid employ to make my Chloe's ab__ fence light and ſeek for pleaſure

p

p

to deſtroy the ſorrows of this live long night but ſhe to morrow will re_turn Venus be

Mez: f

thou to_morrow great but ſhe to_morrow will re_turn Venus be thou to_morrow

Mez: f

p f

great thy Myrtles ſtrew thy odours burn and meet thy fav'rite Nymph in ſtate, and meet thy

p f

p

fav'rite Nymph in ſtate, kind Goddeſs to no o__ther pow'rs, let us to_morrow's bleſſings

p

Mez: f

own, thy darling Love ſhall guide the hours, and all the day be thine a - lone, and all the

Day be thine a - lone but ſhe to - morrow will re - turn Venus be thou to - morrow

Mez: f *p*

great, but ſhe to - morrow will re - turn, Venus be thou to - morrow great, thy Myrtles

Mez: f *p*

f

ſtrew thy odours burn and meet thy fav'rite Nymph in ſtate, and meet thy fav'rite Nymph in

f

ſtate, and meet thy fav' rite Nymph in ſtate.

For the German Flute

Allegretto

If Wine and Music have the pow'r to ease the ſickneſs of the Soul, let Phœbus ev'ry String ex_plore, and Bac_chus fill the ſprightly Bowl, let Phœbus ev'ry String ex_plore, and Bac_chus fill the ſprightly Bowl, and Bacchus fill the ſprightly Bowl. Let them their friendly aid employ to make my Chloe's ab__ſence light, and ſeek for pleaſure to deſtroy the ſorrows of this live long night. But the to_morrow will re_turn! Venus be thou tomorrow great! But the tomorrow will re_turn! Venus be thou tomorrow great! thy Myrtles ſtrew, thy Odours burn, and meet thy fav'rite Nymph in ſtate! and meet thy fav'rite Nymph in ſtate! Kind Goddeſs, to no o__ther Pow'rs let us to_morrows bleſsings own, thy darling Love ſhall guide the hours and all the day be thine a__lone and all the day be thine a_lone But the to morrow will re_turn! Venus be thou to morrow great! But the tomorrow will return! Venus be thou tomorrow great! thy Myrtles ſtrew, thy Odours burn, and meet thy fav'rite Nymph in ſtate! and meet thy fav'rite Nymph in ſtate! and meet thy fav'rite Nymph in ſtate!

I Strike the Bachanalian String,

A FAVORITE BACHANALIAN SONG,

Composd by Mr. Jarvis

Late Organist of

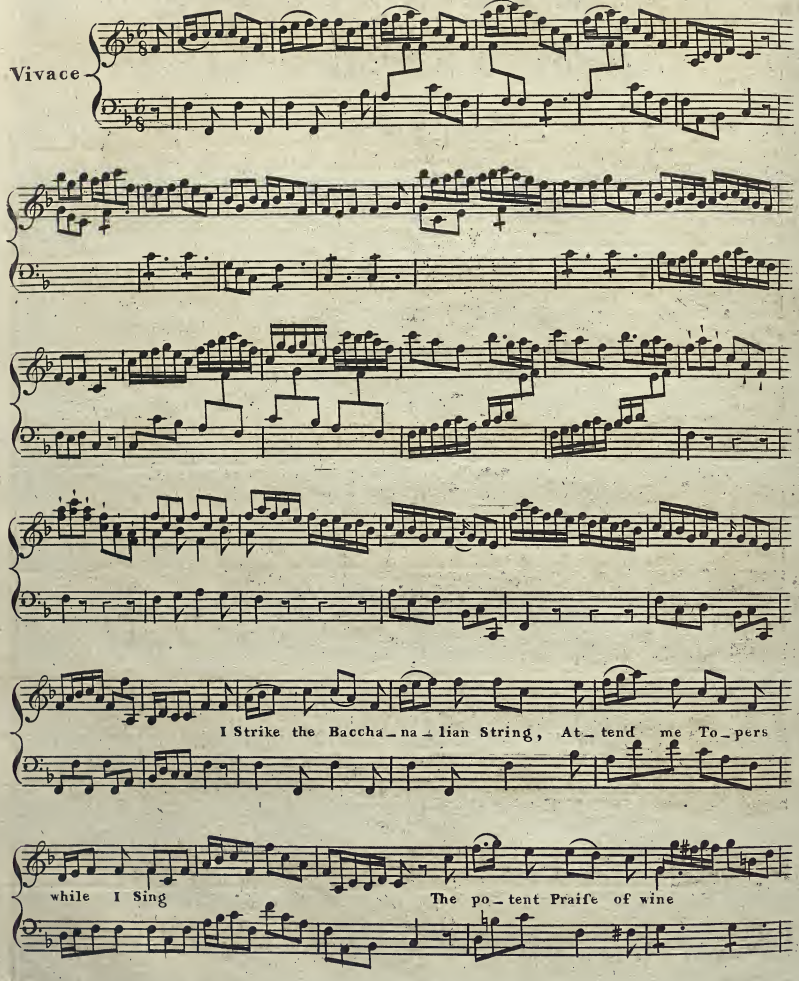
St. SEPULCHRES, SNOW-HILL.

Sung at the Anacreontic Society.

Price 1s.

London

Printed by H. Wright, Catharine Street, Strand.


Vivace
I Strike the Baccha_na_lian String, At_tend me To_pers
while I Sing
The po_tent Praiſe of wine

At_tend me To_pers while I Sing the

potent potent Praife of wine, the po_tent po_tent Praife of wine, of wine - - - -

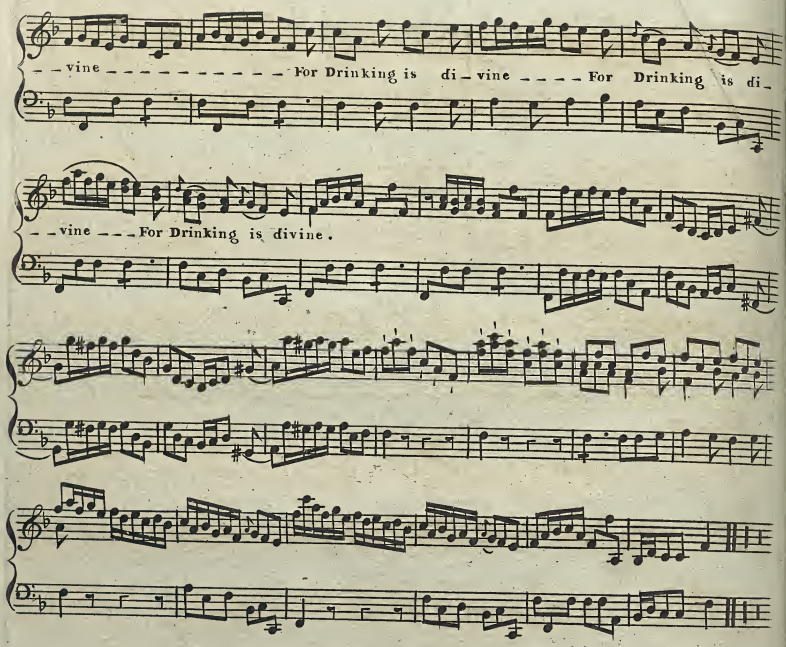
- - - of wine - - - - - - - - the po_tent Praife of wine the po_tent Praife of

wine, The potent Praife of wine

The

Jol_ly God him_felf attends And all the mufes

are my friends For Drinking is divine - - - For Drinking is Divine Di_



(2)

Rich Nectar from the fount of Jove
Immortals quaff in Realms above
And Laugh at Mortal Cares
Let us, too, quaff the Cheering Bowl
There's not on Earth a toping Soul
But knows a blifs like their's.

(3)

The Monarch feated on his throne
Who calls the Eaftern World his own
His Empire boafts in Vain
We all are greater Kings than he
Enjoying his Felicity
But fharing not his pain.

(4)

Say Grandeur, Riches, Wifdom fay
Can you beguile the tedious day
Like Bacchus jolly Crew
We're far more Great and Rich and Wife
Becaufe, and their the diff'rence lies
We Drink much more than you

Canzonet *Composed by S. Storace* Price 1s

Larghetto

hr

Ye

Shepherds fo chear_ful and gay, whofe Flocks ne_ver carelefs_ly

p

roam, fhould Co_rydon's happen to ftray, Oh call the poor Wan_der_ers

home, oh call the poor Wanderers home, al_low me to mufe and to

figh, nor talk of the change that ye find, nor

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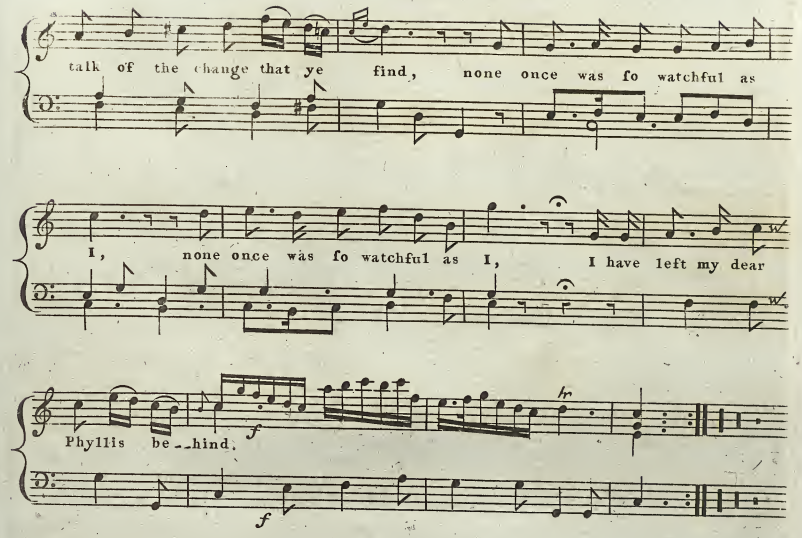


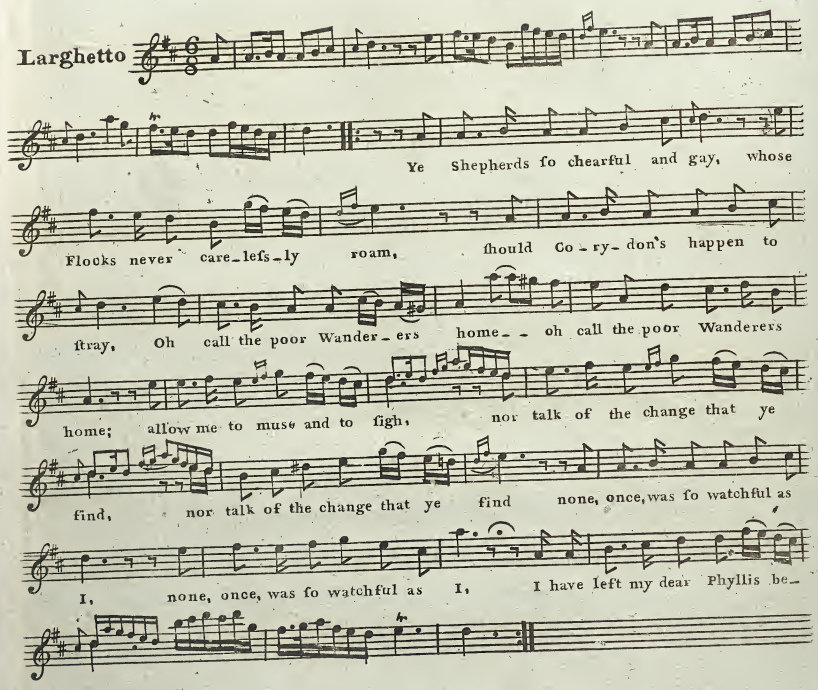
2

But why do I languifh in vain?
Why wander thus penfively here?
Oh! why did I come from the Plain,
Where I fed on the fmiles of my dear?
Theytell me my favorite Maid,
The Pride of that Valley, is flown
Alas! where with her I have ftray'd
I could wander with pleafure alone.

3

When forc'd the fair Nymph to fore-go,
What Anguifh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought — but it might not be fo
'Twas with pain that fhe faw me depart
She gaz'd as I flowly withdrew
My path I could hardly difcern
So fweetly fhe bade me Adieu
I thought that fhe bade me return.

For the German Flute



2

But why do I languish in vain.
Why wander thus pensively here.
Oh! why did I come from the Plain,
Where I fed on the fmiles of my dear.
They tell me my favorite Maid,
The Pride of that Valley, is flown:
Alas! where with her I have ftray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

3

When ford'd the fair Nymph to fore-go,
What Anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought but it might not be fo
'Twas with pain that fhe faw me depart:
She gaz'd as I flowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern;
So fweetly fhe bade me Adieu,
I thought that fhe bade me return.

CHACE AWAY CARE.

A Convivial Ballad.

Composed by Dr ARNOLD.

The Words by Mr Harrison.

LONDON:

Price 6d

Printed for Harrison and Co. No. 18. Paternoster Row.

Bold

T.S.

When a

T.S.

few Friends are met to be chearful and gay, 'Tis the Duty of each to chace dull Care a_way; And

T.S.

all may af_fist; who endeavour their best, With Sentiment, Song, Repartee, Tale, or Jest: With

Sentiment, Song, Repartee, Tale, or Jest

This, then, is the way I con-

-tribute my Mite, To put the foul, vaporous Monster, to flight. This, then, is the way I con-

S. 2d time Chorus

-tribute my Mite, To put the foul, vaporous Monster, to flight. I'm a Novice, 'tis true; but I

still may make shift, If my Friends all around will but give me a Lift. To chace away Care, for your

T.S.

Aid I now call; 'Tis your Cause, 'tis my Cause, the Cause of us All. 'Tis your Cause, 'tis my Cause, the

S.

Cause of us All.

2

A vaporous Monster is Care; and his Breath,
Would be to all Mirth and Good-fellowship Death;
Had it not been most kindly decreed by the Gods,
That the vile Mists, which rise from, should hover round Clods;
While no pestilent Vapour they e'er would admit,
To approach the gay Features well brightend by Wit.
Chos. I'm a Novice, &c.

3

From the sight of gay Features, dull Care shrinks away,
Like the Night's sullen Gloom at the Dawning of Day:
Then let us be merry, drink, laugh, chat, and sing,
And each his best share to the Treasury bring;
Nor doubt, for the Whole, he some Good may impart,
To gladden the Features, or better the Heart.
Chos. I'm a Novice, &c.

With truth on her Lips

A favorite Ballad

Sung by Mr. Johnstone in the Opera of Marian

Written by Mrs. Brooks and Composed by

MR. SHIELD

Entered at Stationer's Hall Price 1s.

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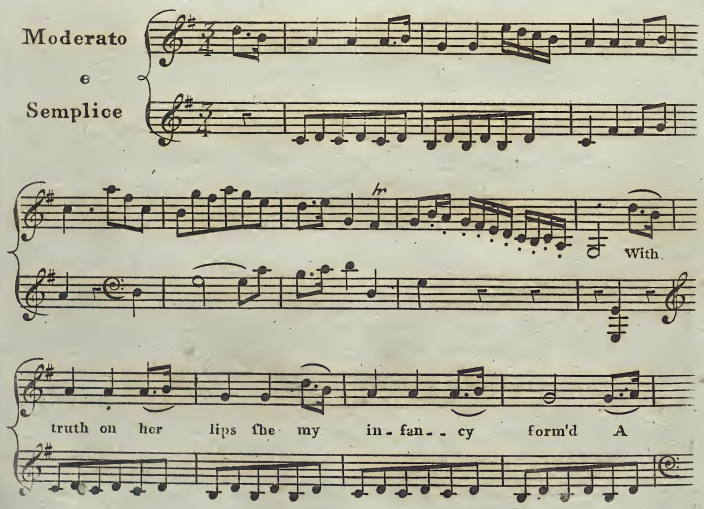


ſtran-ger to falſe-hood and Art. She

pizz.

charg'd me to ſpeak to the Maid of my choice No

language but that of the Heart - - - - - - No lan-guage but

that of the heart.

dim.o

2

Each tender Affection which ſoftens the mind,
Her converſe was form'd to impart,
She chargd me to ſpeak to the Maid of my choice,
No language but that of the heart.

3

I heard her obey'd and when Marians ſoft Voice,
Mild as Love added wings to the dart,
Sincere my expreſsion tho' ardent I ſpoke,
No language but that of the heart.

Guitar.

With truth on her lips ſhe my in-fan-cy form'd A ſtranger to falſehood and art. She charg'd me to ſpeak to the Maid of my choice no language but that of the heart - - - - - - No language but that of the heart.

Ger: Flute.

With truth on her lips ſhe my in-fan-cy form'd A ſtranger to falſe-hood and art. She charg'd me to ſpeak to the Maid of my choice no lan-guage but that of the heart - - - no language but that of the heart

Why dares the Eagle bend his Flight,

the Celebrated air sung by

Mrs BILLINGTON at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden

composed by

JOSEPH MAZZINGHI

London Printed for G. Goulding No. 6. James Street, Covent Garden.

Price 1.sh

Larghetto

Sym

fp

Why dares the Eagle bend his flight to meet the Sun's me - ridian light with

Piz *p*

fuch exult - ing glee, 'Tis not 'tis not as Poets have averr'd becaufe he his the

regal Bird, It is becaufe he's free the rov - - ing Ze - - phyr

Violin

as it goes Drinks the rich fragrance of the rose Or

wan - tons o'er the ſtream And from the calm fe - queſter'd ſpay the -

Linnet breaths her amrous lay To Eves departed beam To Eves departed beam But

I a - laſs am doom'd to bear the fetters of re - lent - leſs care From

ev - ry joy con - find O no to com - bat with my pains One

cor - dial So - lace yet remains The Freedom of the mind The

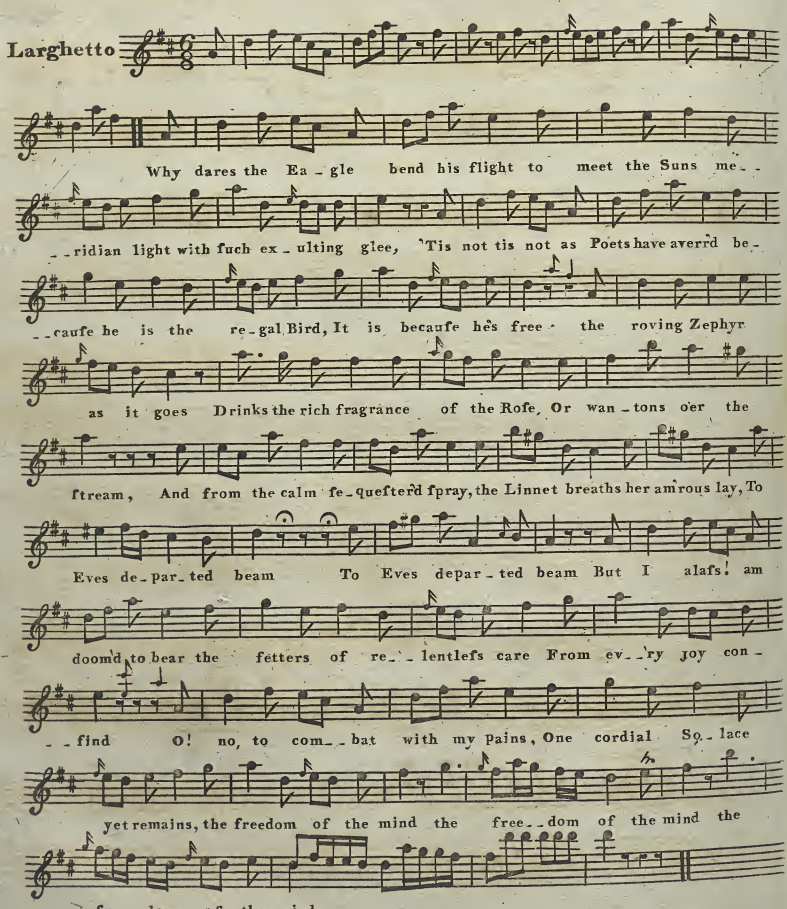
arco *f*

Free - dom of the mind the Free - dom of the Mind Sy

p *f* *f*

WHY DARES THE EAGLE

for the German Flute



Edward and Editha

A Favorite Ballad

Sung by Mrs. Bland,

Written by G. S. Carey,

The Music with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte

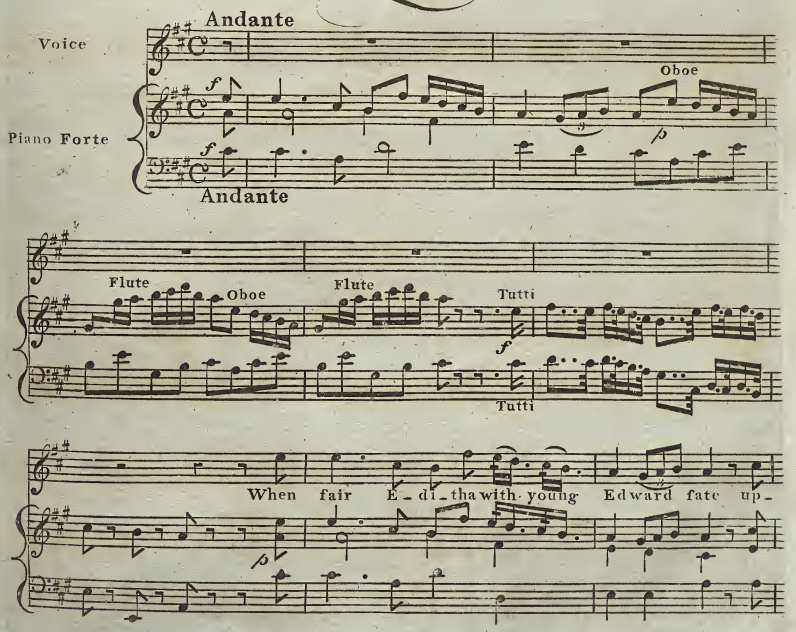
Composed by

Reginald Spofforth.

London, Printed for the Author.

Entered at Stationer's Hall

Price 1s.



3

on a Cliff that overlook'd the Main, (as if intended by fome wayward fate) a fudden

cres.

Tempest rose of wind and rain,

f

Fortifsimo

Which from the dreadful height with fu - ry fu - ry cast the beauteous Maid a-

p

dolce

down the frightful ftcep in to the green and wide expanded waste with Thetis there for ever more to

f Faster

fleep A Maniac wild, distracted, Edward fled, to all to all he met to all to all he

f

Faster

f

Slow and expreſsive

Tempo Andante

met this pitious burthen ſaid Say have you ſeen where

Slow

Tempo Andante

e'er you've been, E - ditha dear, my fairy Queen.

2

Oft' o'er the deſert wild, he'd thoughtleſs roam,
Or where the gloom by cluſt'ring Limes is made;
And there, bewilder'd, make a transient home,
Or hold vague converse with Editha's ſhade:
And now he'd ſally forth, by frenzy led,
Or from his cell rush with an hideous ſcream;
Then tear the beauteous ringlets from his head,
And ſeek the margin of ſome mournful ſtream:
His eyes expreſs'd the Tempest in his brain,
And thus he ſung, in ſlow and penſive ſtrain,
Ye Willows green, ſay, have ye ſeen
Editha dear! my Fairy Queen.

3

Once, where the hurrying torrent rushes down
With thund'ring roar upon the gulph below;
While peering Rocks above the brambles frown,
Like ſtately Monarchs with imperious brow:
There, while poor Edward ſate in abject mood,
He thought Editha lav'd upon each wave;
Then brav'd the deepest current of the flood,
And dy'd, like her, within a wat'ry grave.
But ere he ſunk beneath the ruthleſs tide,
Around he look'd, and thus he fainting cry'd,
Ye Willows green, ſay, have ye ſeen
Editha dear! my Fairy Queen.

THE

LIQUID MIRROR.

An Anacreontick.

Composed by Mr. M.P. KING.

The Words by Mr. Chandler.

—— LONDON: ——

Price 6d

Printed for Harrison and Co. No. 18. Paternoster Row.

Allegro

Recit:

Steady the Liquid Mirror hold, I'll be convinc'd if I am Old:

Air

With - in the Bowl I view my Face, Adorn'd with ev'ry youthful grace. Dull Care and An - guish dis - appear, And I can see no Wrinkles there, Dull

Care and Anguiſh dif - - appear And I can ſee no Wrinkles there Sym

unis

Not ſo the Wat'ry

Cryſ - tal ſhows, A Lengthen'd Face o'er-plough'd with Woes, And Wreaths by art - ful

unis

Vir - gins tied, In vain my Snow-white Locks would hide, In vain my Snow-white

Locks would hide, And Wreaths by art - ful Vir - gins tied, In vain my Snow-white

Locks would hide. Sym

The Moſs-grown Oak, may ſtill be ſeen
In Spring, with Buds of livelieſt Green.
'Tis Spring with me; the mantling Bowl

Darts a warm ſunſhine thro' my Soul.
'Tis Spring with me; the mantling Bowl

Darts a warm ſunſhine thro' my Soul.

2

My Veins in ſoft vibrations play,
Confeſs the God, and own his Sway;
And ſtill I feel a fond deſire,
To tune to Love the willing Lyre.

SONG 16.

THE FIELDS WERE GAY

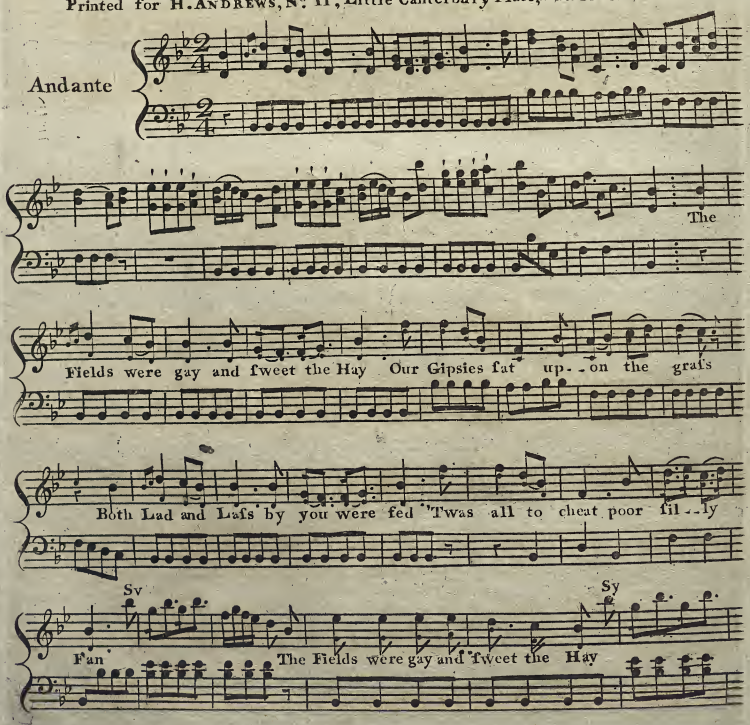
Sung by Mrs. Billington at the

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN

Composed by Sig.r Giordani

Pr.t.s

Printed for H. ANDREWS, No. 11, Little Canterbury Place, LAMBETH WALK.



Our Gipsies fat up-on the grafs, up--on the grafs, Both

Lad and Lafs by you were fed, by you were fed, 'Twas all to cheat poor

fil-ly Fan.

2

When e'er we met with kifses fweet,
And fpeeches foft you won my heart,
The hawthorn bush fhou'd make you blush,
'Twas there you did betray my heart.

For the German Flute

Andante

Sy

So

Sy

So

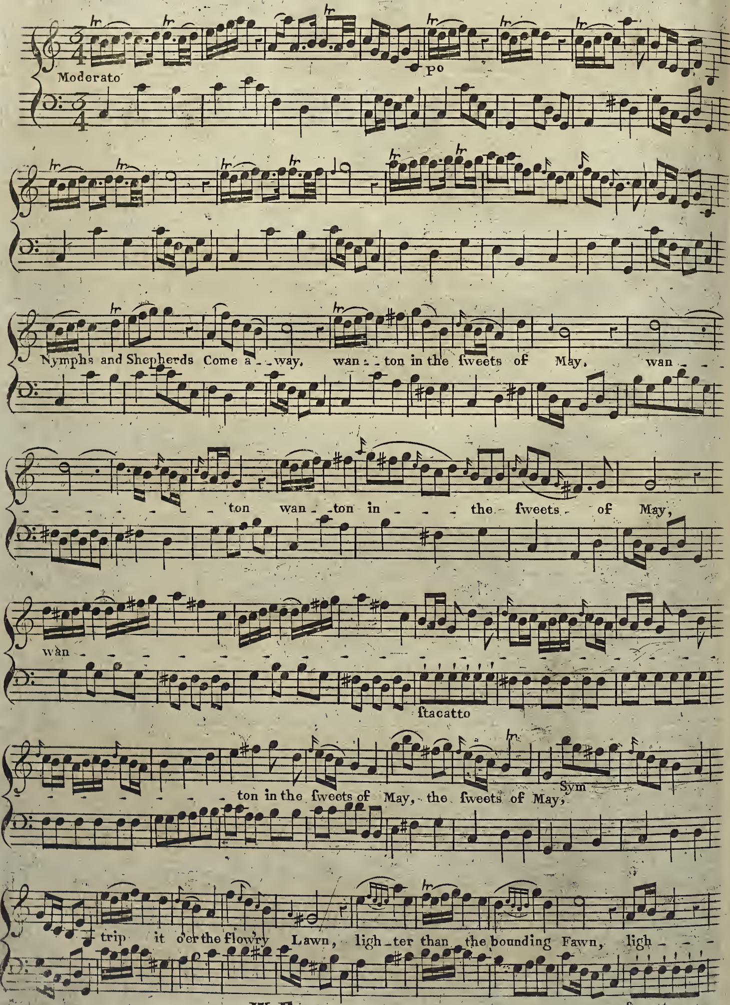
Sy

So

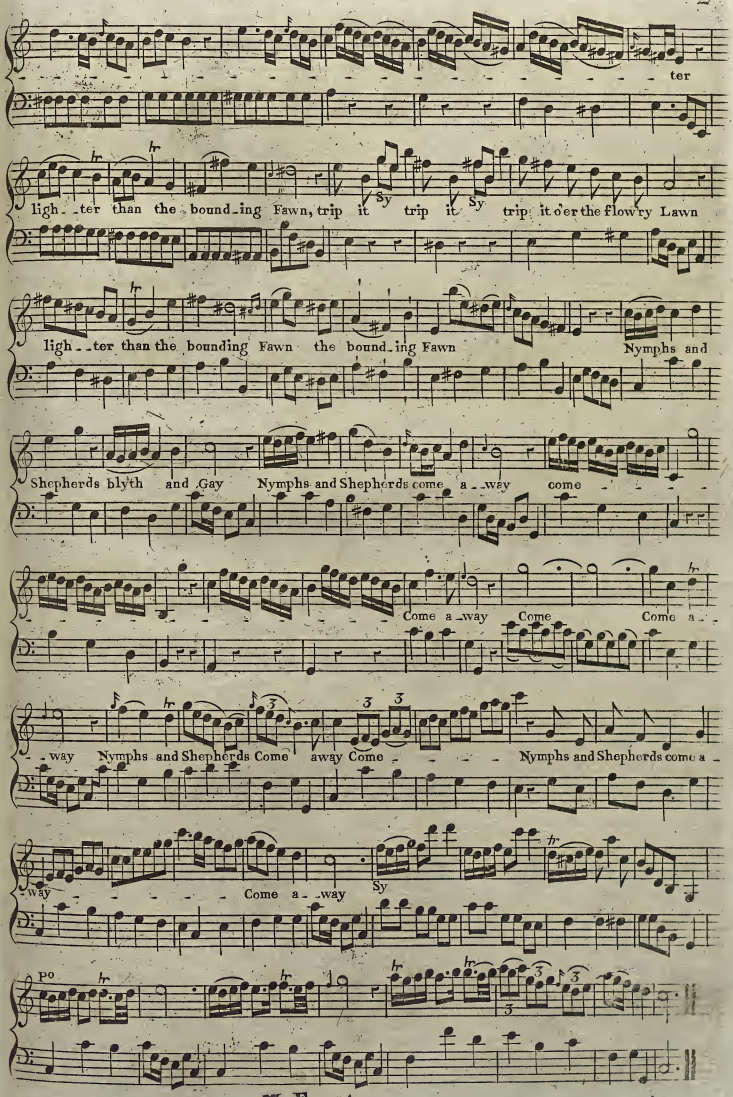
Sy

NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS

Sung by Miſs Brent, at Ranelagh, and by Mrs Vincent, at Vauxhall Gardens. Set by Docter Arne.



W. Forster


ter
ligh_ter than the bound_ing Fawn, trip it trip it trip it o'er the flow'ry Lawn
ligh_ter than the bounding Fawn the bound_ing Fawn Nymphs and
Shepherds blyth and Gay Nymphs and Shepherds come a_way come
Come a_way Come Come a_
way Nymphs and Shepherds Come away Come Nymphs and Shepherds come a_
way Come a_way
po

W. Forster

FILIAL LOVE,

written & composed

by

Mr. DIBDIN,

and Sung by him

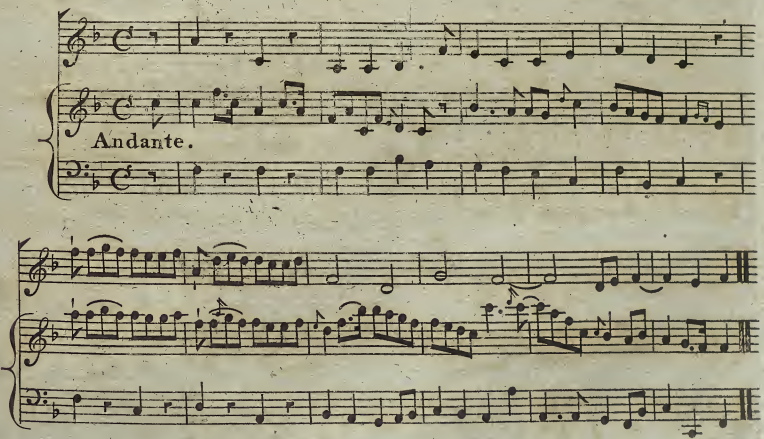
in his New Entertainment

called the

CAKE HOUSE.

Pr. 1s.

London Printed & Sold by the Author at his Music Warehouse Leicester Place Leicester Square.



What charm adds fweeteft grace to beauty, And meaner virtues foars a - bove, Ap-

-proaching to re - ligious duty, And heav'n fraught joy, And heav'n fraught joy? 'Tis

filial love; fi-lial love: Approaching to re- - ligious duty, And

heav'n fraught joy? 'Tis fi-lial love.

Ye lovelieſt objects of cre - a - tion, Whoſe charms can ev' - ry

heart controul, Who pleaſure turn to fa - ſci - na - tion, And mould at will the

yielding ſoul: Hope not true joys that ne'er can va - ry; With all your beauty,

all your youth; Unleſs your hearts, warm, voluntary; Can

aſk and anſwer, Can aſk and anſwer this great truth.

Vain are thoſe beauties, vain thoſe graces, Where reaſon no kind welcome finds.

What are ſweet forms, and lovely faces. What are ſweet forms, and lovely faces. With

thoughtleſs and un - feeling minds. Mothers, ſhould you that mental beauty Have

known that filial love ſe - cures, You ſhall as parents, that bleſt duty,

that bleſt duty, Receive which you have paid to yours.

Old Englands Wooden Walls,

A Favorite Song

SUNG BY Mr. BANNISTER,

at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane,

COMPOSED BY Mr. CARTER.

Price 1.s

London, Printed & Sold by Preston & Son, at their Wholesale Warehouses, 97 Strand.

Poco Andantino

for.

Thro' Waves & Winds in days that are no more, I held the

pia.

Helm and ne'er ran foul of shore, In pitch-dark night my reck'ning prov'd so

for. *pia.*

true, In pitch-dark night my reck'ning prov'd so true, I rode out

sfm.

safe the hardest gale that blew, I rode out safe the hardest gale that blew:

for.

And when for Fight the signal high was

pia.

shewn, Thro' smoke and fire Bob Boreas straight bore down, But tho' my

for. *pia.*

Timbers are not fit for Sea, Old England's Wooden walls my toast shall be, Old England's

Wooden walls, Old England's Wooden walls, Old England's Wooden walls my toast shall

be, Old England's Wooden walls, Old England's Wooden walls, Old England's

Sym.

Wooden walls my toast shall be.

for.

2

From age to age as antient story shews,
We rul'd the Deep, in spite of envious foes,
And still aloft, tho' Worlds combine we'll rise,
Now all at home are splic'd in friendly ties:
In loud Broad-sides we'll tell both France and Spain,
We're own'd by Neptune sov'reigns of the Main,
O! wou'd my Timbers were now fit for Sea;
Yet England's Wooden Walls my toast shall be.

FLUTE

Poco Andantino

Thro' Waves and Wind in days that are no more, I held the Helm and ne'er ran foul of Shore, In pitch dark night my reck'ning prov'd so true, In pitch dark night my reck'ning prov'd so true, I rode out safe the hardest gale that blew, I rode out safe the hardest gale that blew,

Sym.

And when for Fight the signal high was shewn, Thro' smoke & fire Bob Boreas straight bore down, But tho' my Tim_bers are not fit for Sea, Old England's Wood_en walls my toast shall be, Old England's Wooden walls, Old England's Wooden walls, Old England's Wooden walls my toast shall be, Old England's Wooden walls, Old England's Wooden walls, Old England's Wooden walls my toast shall be.

Sym.

A PREY TO TENDER ANGUISH

a favorite SONG Composed by Dr. HAYDN.

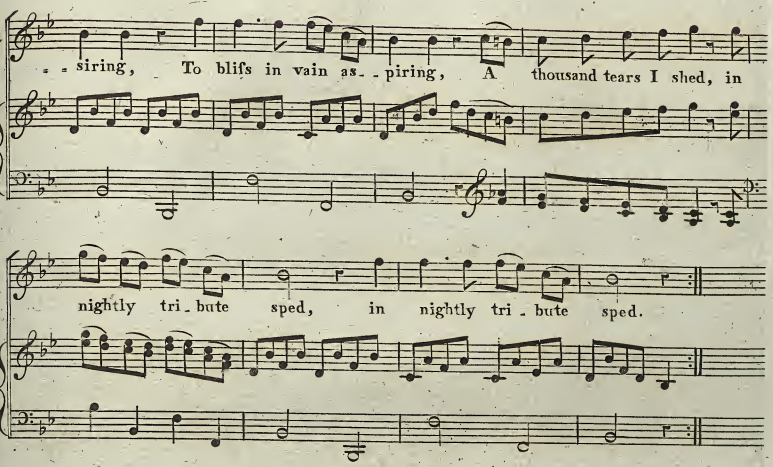
Printed for A Hamilton, Piccadilly, London. Pr.

Voce

P. Forte or Harp

LARGHETTO

A prey to tender Anguish, of ev'ry Joy be-reav'd, How oft I sigh and languish, How oft by hope deceiv'd, Still wishing still de-



2

And love and fame betraying
And friends no longer true
No smiles my face arraying
No heart so fraught with woe
So past my life's sad morning
Young Joys no more returning
Alas now all around
Is dark and cheerlefs found.

3

Ah why did nature give me
A heart so soft and true
A heart to pain and grieve me
At ills that others rue
At others ills thus wailing
And inward griefs assailing
With double anguish fraught
To throb each pulse is taught.

4

Ere long perchance my sorrow
Shall find its welcome close
Nor distant far the morrow
That brings the wish'd repose
When death with kind embracing
Each bitter anguish chasing
Shall mark my peaceful doom
Beneath the silent Tomb.

5

Then cease my heart to languish
And cease to flow my tears
Though nought be here but anguish
The Grave shall end my cares
On earth's soft lap reposing
Life's Idle pageant closing
No more shall grief assail
Nor sorrow longer wail.

QUAFF WITH ME THE PURPLE WINE

The Favorite New BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Price 6d.

Introduced in ROBIN HOOD, by Mr. Bannister. — Compos'd by Mr. Shield.

LONDON. Printed & Sold by J. BLAND at his Music Warehouse No. 45 HOLBORN.

Pomposo

ff

sf

Clar.

Quaff, quaff, quaff with me the pur - ple wine, with me - in so - cial

Espressivo

pleasures join, crown, crown, crown with me thy flow - ing hair, love love with

p

Legato

f

me the blooming fair, and dance off heavy heavy care, and dance off heavy

Staccato

heavy care, and dance off heavy care

2d time ad Lib.

Resoluto

and dance off heavy care

f

Wine in_ſpires inſpires the Patriot ſoul,

Fine

Clarinetts

makes the ri - gid fair one ſigh,

p

Baſſoon

freedom lies within the bowl, freedom lies within the bowl, love,

ff *ff* *p*

love and friendſhip ſo_cial tie, then let us laugh be gay and free,

f

then let us laugh be gay and free, then let us laugh be gay and free let

ad Libitum

laugh be gay and free, hence with dull ſo_bri_e_ty.

al Segno

THE LITTLE SAILOR BOY

A Favorite Song, Sung by

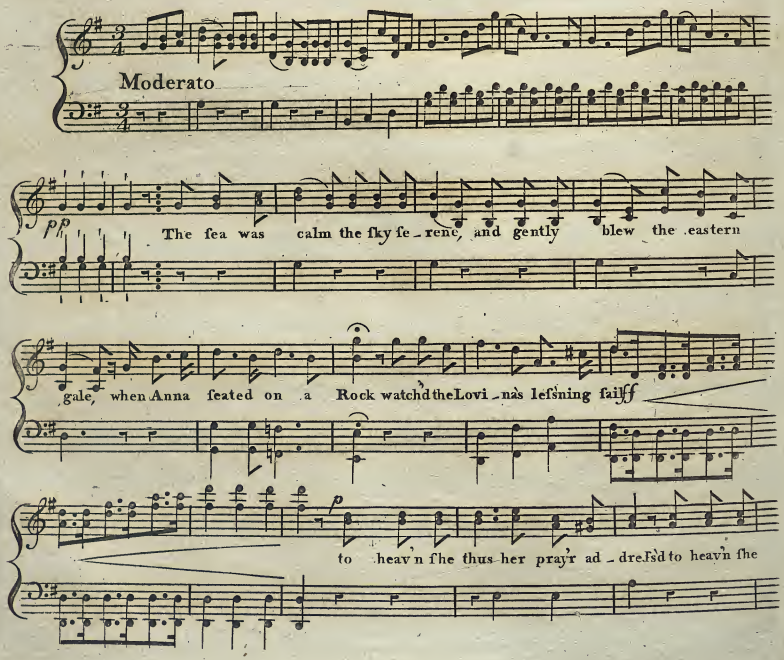
Mrs. Bland

at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

COMPOSED by B. CARR.

Price 1s/-

LONDON
Printed & Sold by Thos. Jones & Co. 23 Bishopsgate Street.
Enterd at Stationers Hall.



thus her prayr ad _dresſd, thou who canſt ſave or canſt de _ _ſtroy from each ſur _ round _ _ _ _ing dan _ _ _ _ger guard,

my dear my much lov'd Sai _ lor boy, my dear my much lov'd Sai lor boy my Sai lor boy my Sai _ lor boy, my dear my much lov'd Sai _ lor boy.

dim

2

When Tempests o'er the Ocean howl,
And even Sailors ſhrink with dread,
Be ſome protecting Angel near,
To hover round my William's head.
He was belov'd by all the plain,
His Father's pride, his Mother's joy,
Then ſafely to their arms reſtore,
Their dear their much lov'd Sailor Boy.

3

May no rude Foe his course impede,
Conduct him ſafely o'er the Waves,
O may he never be compell'd,
To fight for Power or mix with Slaves.
May ſmiling Peace his ſteps attend,
Each riſing hour be crown'd with joy,
As bleſt as that when I again,
Shall meet my much lov'd Sailor Boy.

For The Guitar

Moderato

The fea was calm the ſky fe - - rene, And gent - ly

blew the eastern gale, When An - - na feat - - - ed on a

rock Watch the Lo - - vi - - nas leſs'ning ſale

To Heav'n ſhe thus her pray'rs ad - dreſs'd, To Heav'n ſhe

thus her pray'rs ad - - dreſs'd, Sy Thou who can'st ſave, or

can'st de - - - ſtroy, From each fur - - - round - - - ing

dan - - - ger guard My dear my much lov'd Sailor Boy

My dear my much lov'd Sailor Boy my Sailor Boy My Sailor Boy My

dear my much lov'd Sailor Boy

TOM TACKLE,

Written and Composed by

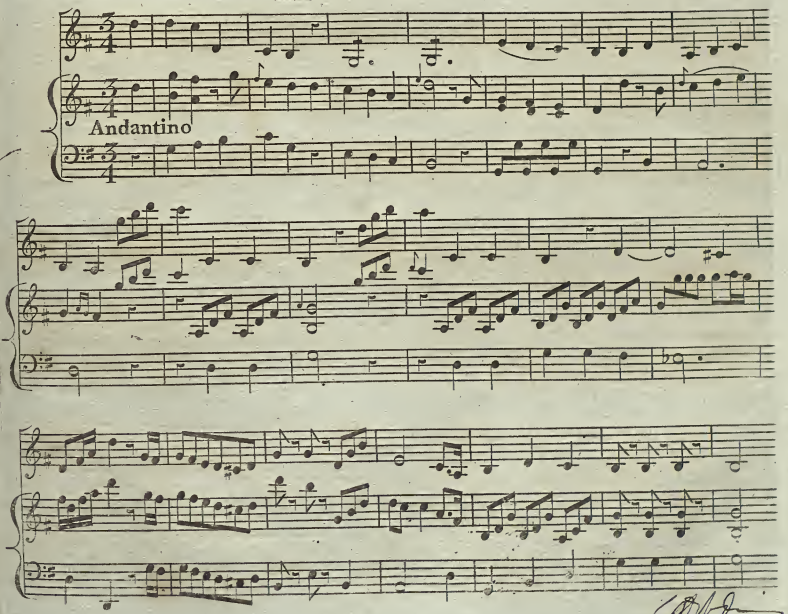
MR: DIBDIN,

and Sung by him in his

new Entertainment called

CASTLES IN THE AIR. Pr: 1.s

London Printed & Sold by the Author, at his Music Warehouse, No. 411, Strand, opposite the Adelphi.



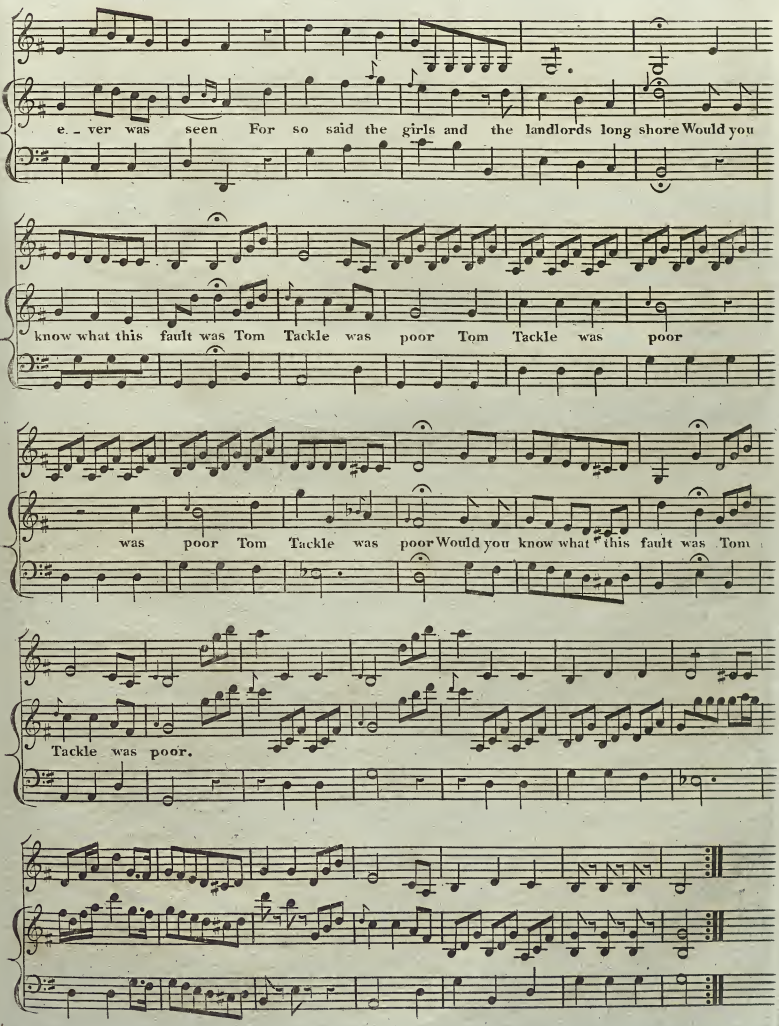
Tom Tackle was noble was true to his word, If merit bought titles Tom

might be my Lord, How gayly his bark through life's ocean would sail Truth

furnish'd the rigging and honour the gale. Yet Tom had a failing if

e - ver man had, That good as he was, made him all that was bad He was

paltry and pi - ti - ful scurvy and mean, And the snivling - est scoundrel that


e_ ver was seen For so said the girls and the landlords long shore Would you
know what this fault was Tom Tackle was poor Tom Tackle was poor
was poor Tom Tackle was poor Would you know what this fault was Tom
Tackle was poor.

2

'Twas once on a time, when we took a galleon,
And the crew touched the Agent for cash to some tune,
Tom a trip took to jail an old mefsmate to free,
And four thankful pratlers soon sat on his knee.

Then Tom was an Angel down right from heav'n sent!
While they'd hands he his goodnefs should never repent:
Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad case
To find his dear friend shut the door in his face!

Why dye wonder, cried one, you're served right to be sure
Once Tom Tackle was rich—now—Tom Tackle is poor.

3

I ben't you see versed in high maxims and sitch,
But don't this same honour concern poor and rich?
If it don't come from good hearts I can't see where from
And, damme, if e'er Tar had agood heart 'twas Tom.

Yet some how or nother Tom never did right
None knew better the time when to spare or to fight
He by finding a leak once preserved crew and Ship
Saved the Commodore's life—then he made such rare flip.

And yet for all this no one Tom could endure:
I fancy's as how 'twas hecause he was poor.

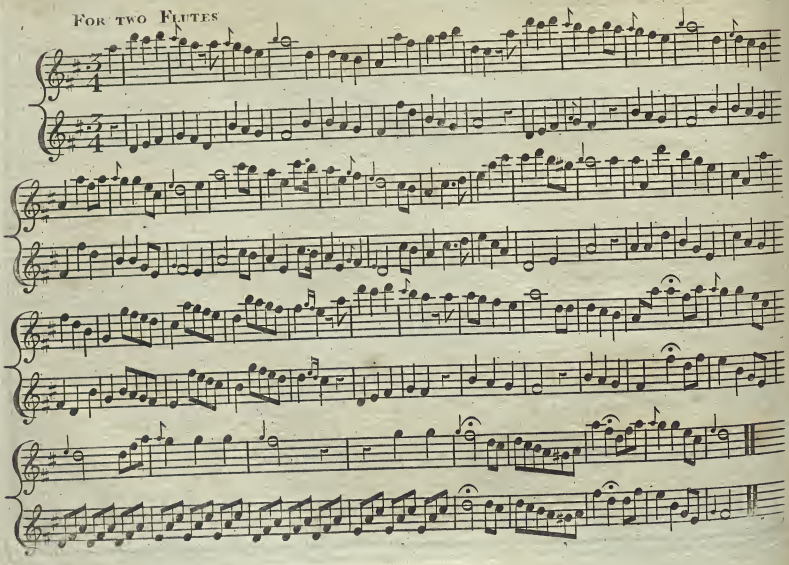
4

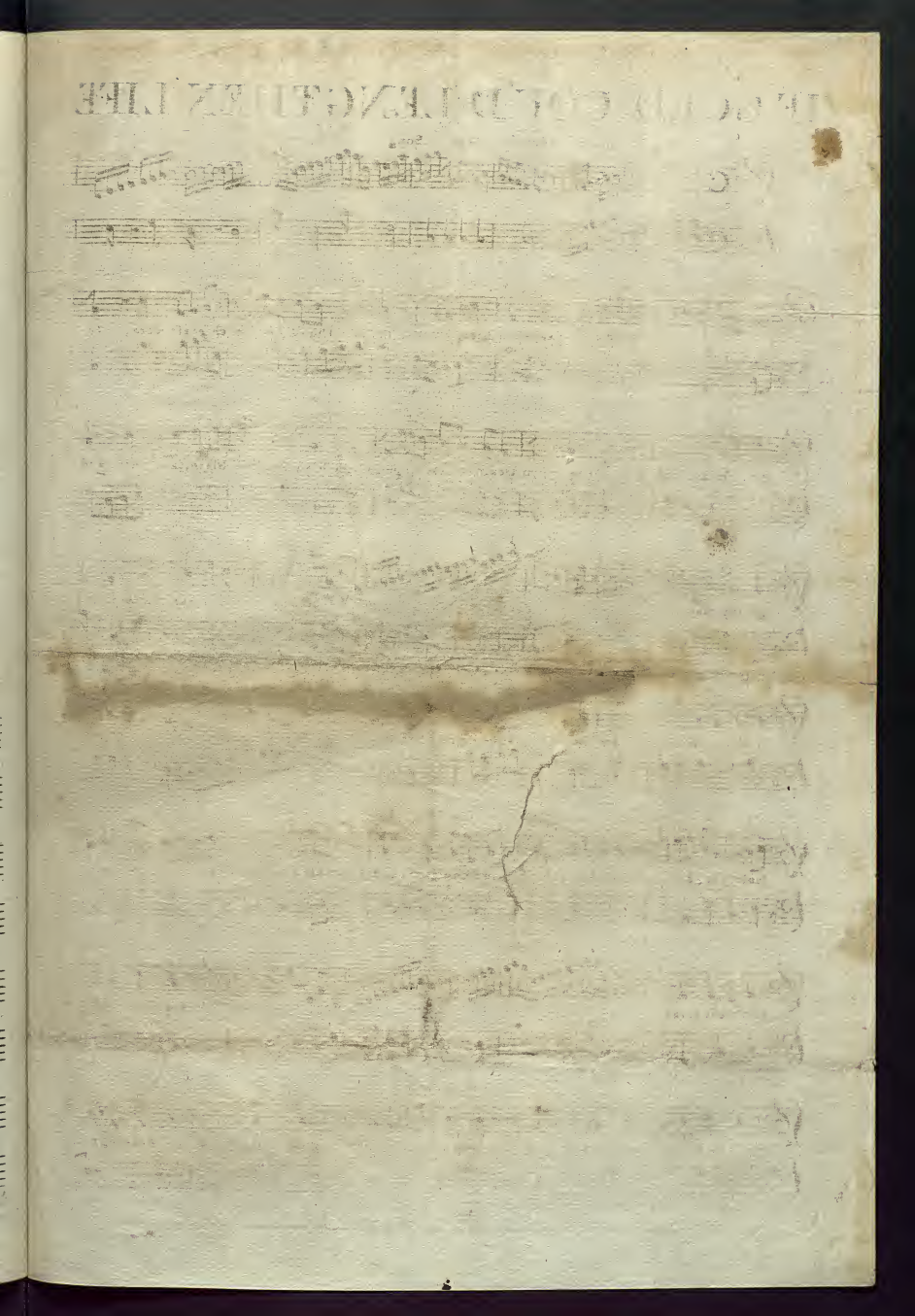
At last an old Shipmate that Tom might hail land,
Who saw that his heart sailed too fast for his hand,
In the riding of comfort a mooring to find,
Reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune that shook in the wind;

He gave him enough through life's ocean to steer
Be the breeze what it might steady, thus or no near:
His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
What he can to his friends, and may all honest hearts

Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from the door
Just enough to be generous — too much to be poor.

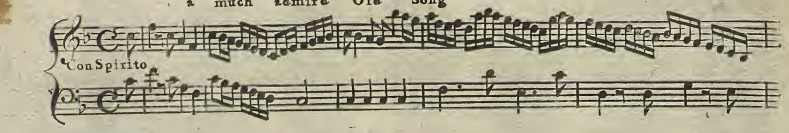
For two Flutes

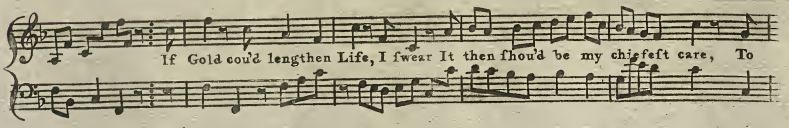


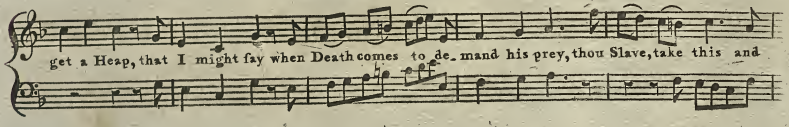


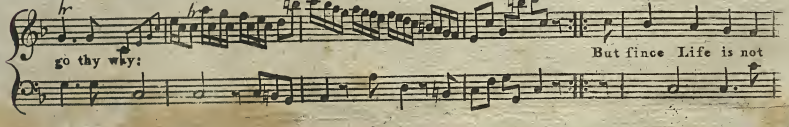
IF GOLD COU'D LENGTHEN LIFE

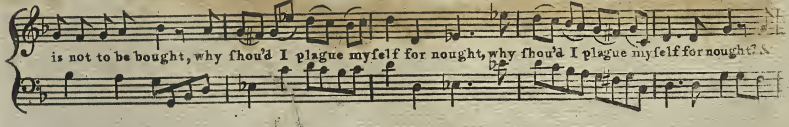
a much admir'd Old Song

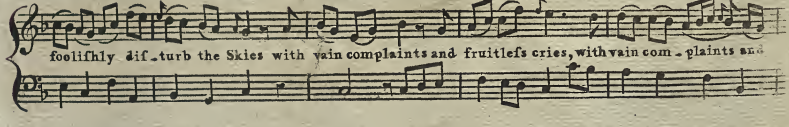


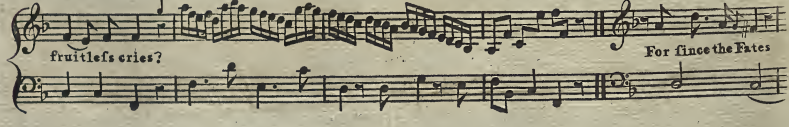


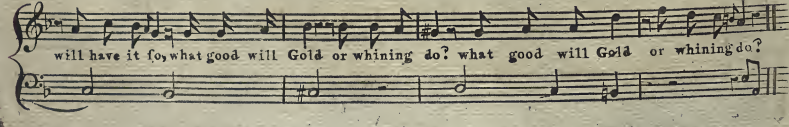


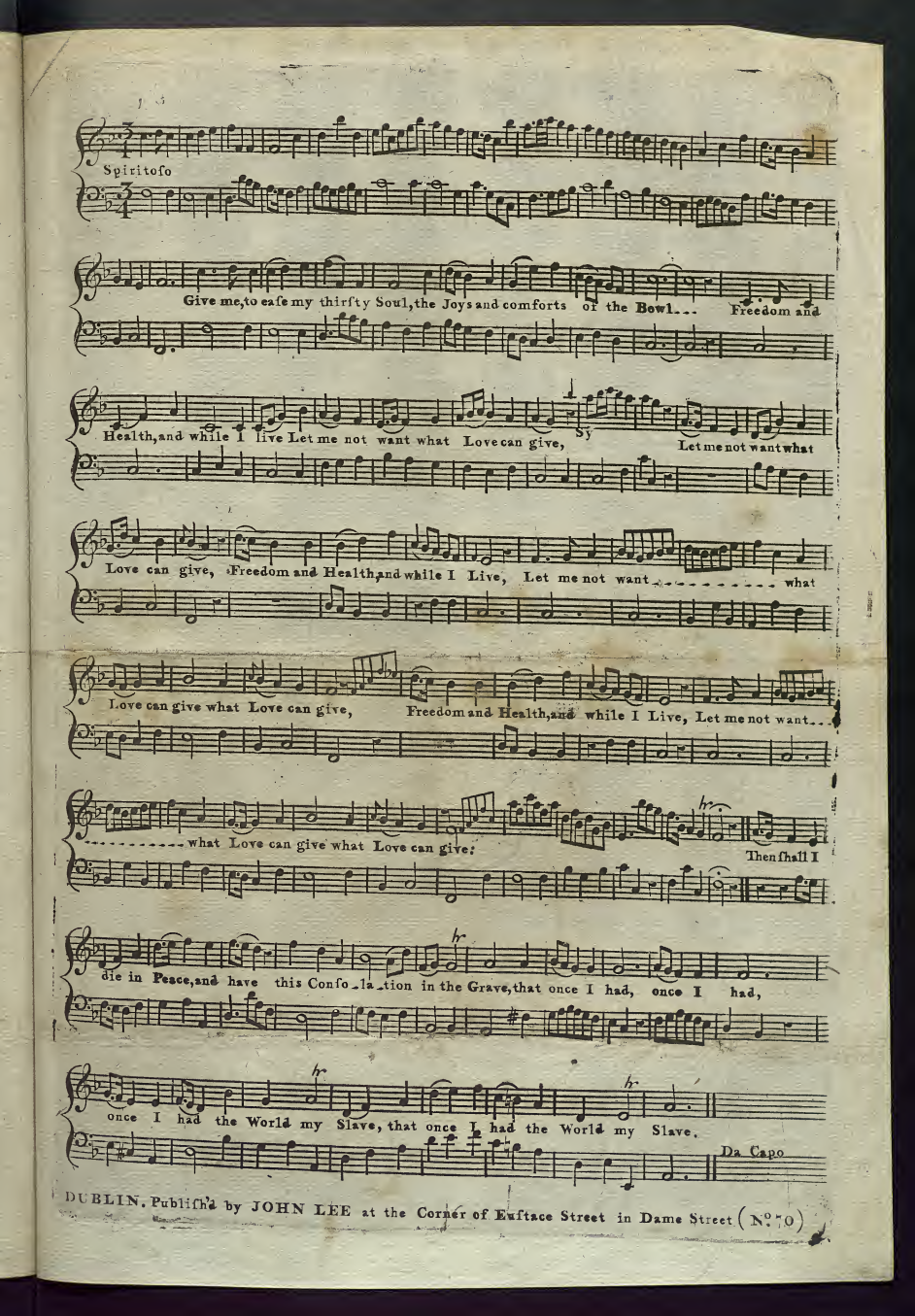












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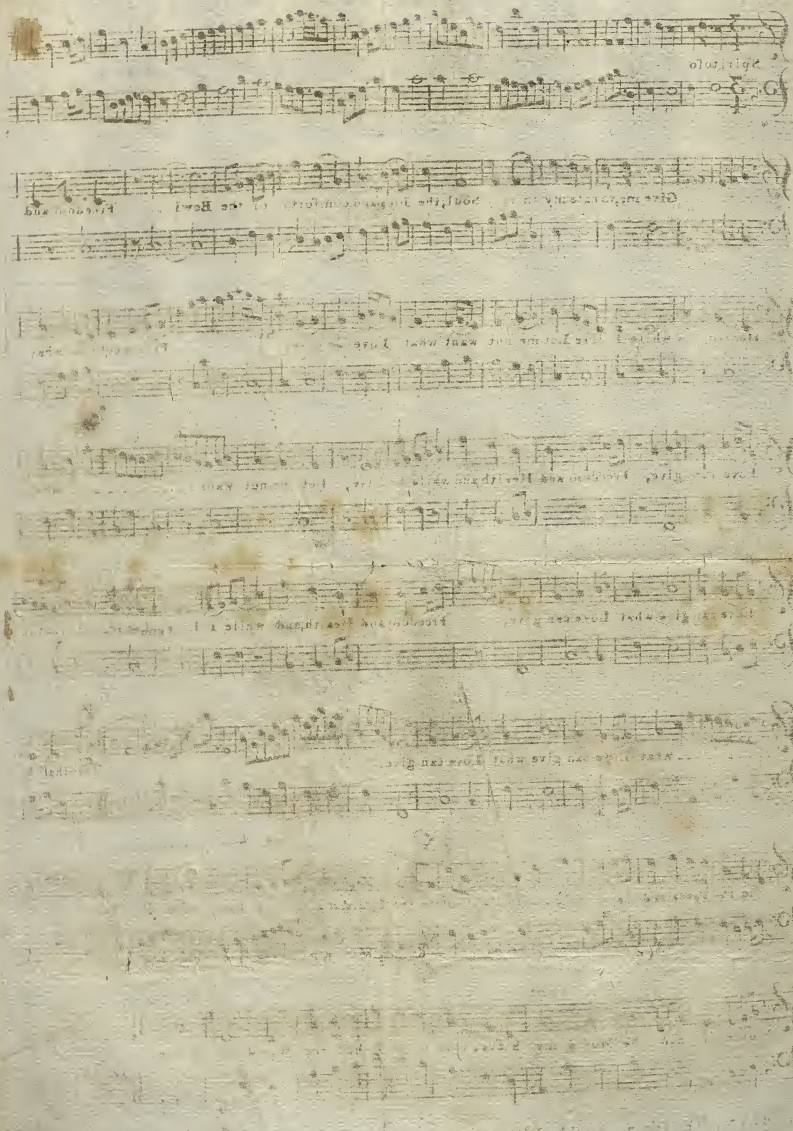


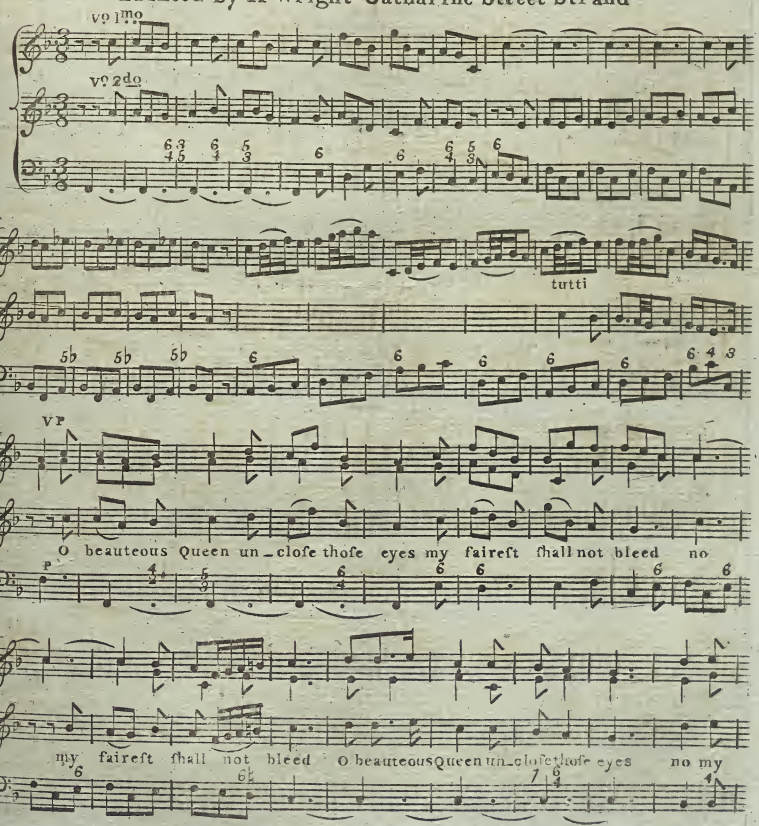
O beauteous Queen

A favorite Song

BY HANDEL.

Price 6d.

Printed by H Wright Catharine Street Strand



faireſt ſhall not bleed hear loves ſoft Voice that bids thee riſe and bids

thy Suit ſucceed hear loves ſoft Voice that bids thy Suit ſucceed O

beau - - teous Queen un_cloſe thoſe eyes un_cloſe thoſe eyes my faireſt ſhall not

bleed my faireſt my faireſt my faireſt ſhall not bleed - -

- - ſhall not bleed hear loves ſoft voice hear loves ſoft voice

that bids thee rife and bids thy Suit fuc_ceed hear loves ſoft voice that bids thee

tut. for.

rife and bids thy Suit fucceed

tut

Aſk and 'tis granted from this hour who ſhares our

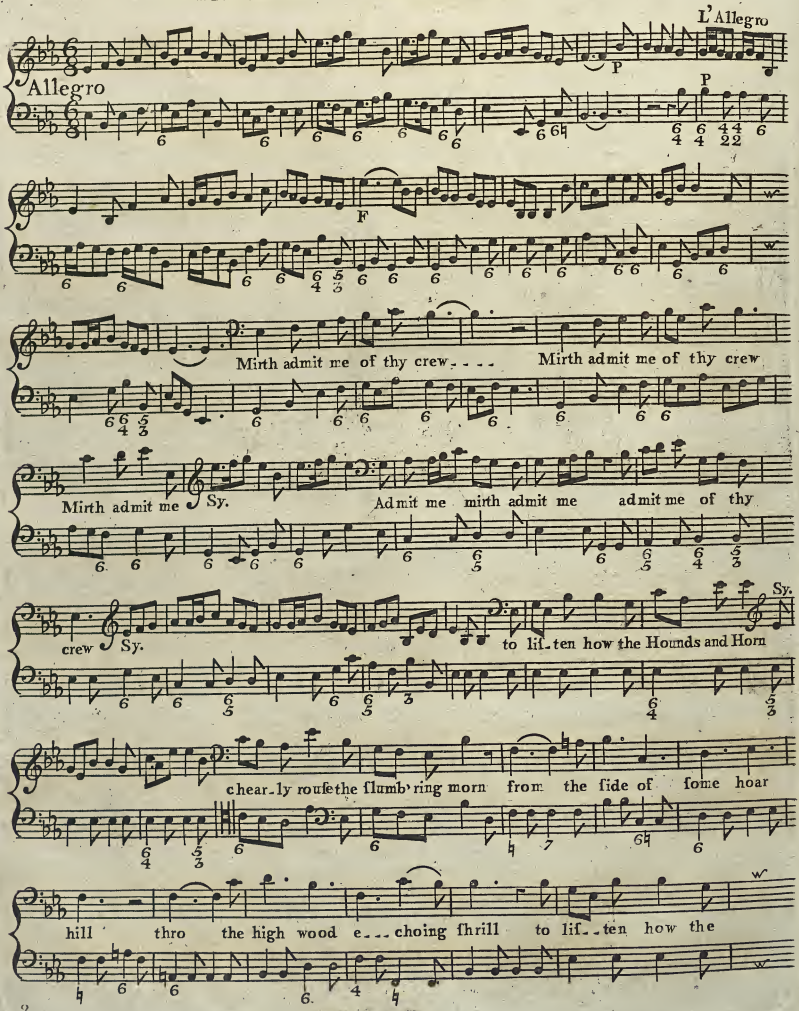
heart ſhall ſhare our Pow'r aſk and 'tis granted from this hour who ſhares our

Adg^o

heart ſhall ſhare our Pow'r who ſhares our heart ſhall ſhare our Pow'r D C

MIRTH ADMIT ME

Printed for J. Bland. No. 45. Holborn.



hounds and horn chear_ly rouſe chear_ly rouſe - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - the

flum_b'ring Morn Sy. from the ſide of ſome hoar hill of

ſome hoar hill thro the high wood thro the high wood e - - - - Sy.

Sy. Sy.

choing ſhrill Sy.

Ad Libitum

French horn

OH NO MY LOVE NO,

Sung by Miss De Camp

in the Opera of

OF AGE TO MORROW,

Composed by

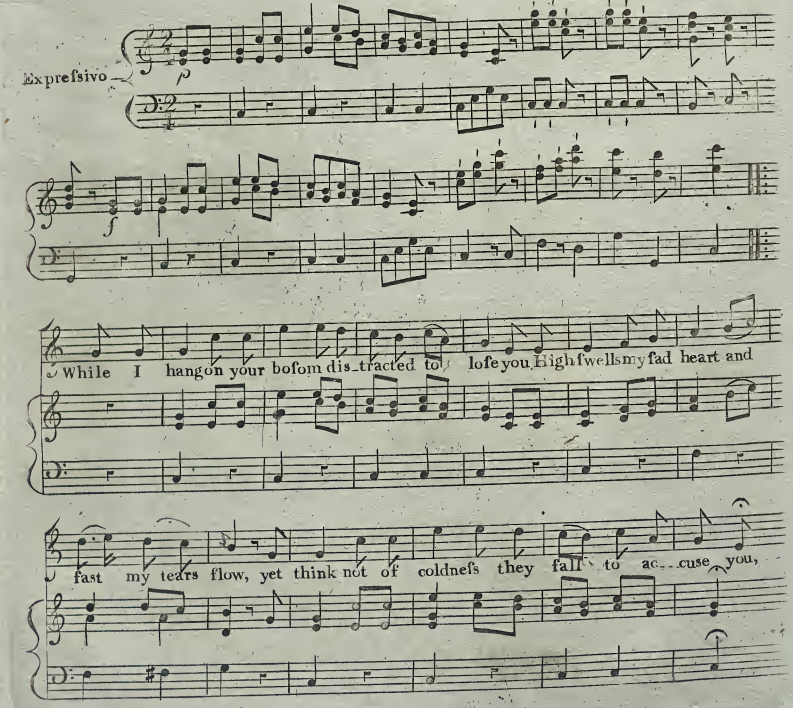
Michael Kelly.

The Words by G. M. Lewis Esq.

Entd. at Stat. Hall.

Price 7/-

Printed for Michael Kelly, by Corri, Dussek & Co.
28 Hay Market London, & North Bridge Street Edinbro'.



Did I e_verupbraid you! oh no my love no! I own it would pleafe me a

home could you tarry, Nor e'er feel a wish from Ma_ma to go, But if it gives

ple_ure to y_ur my de_r Harry, I'll I blame your de_parture oh no my love no! I'll all I

blame your de_parture! oh no my love no!

2

Now do not dear Hal, while abroad you are ftraying,
That heart which is mine on a rival beftow;
Nay banifh that frown fuch difpleafure betraying,
Do you think I fufpect you. oh no my love no.
I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart which adores you fuch woe;
Yet fhould you dishonour my truth and deceive me,
Shou'd I e'er ceafe to love you. oh no my love no.'

From aloft the Sailor looks around

A favorite Song, Sung by Mr. Sedgewick in

NO SONG NO SUPPER

Composed by Stephen Storace.

Entered at Stationer's Hall. Price 1s.

London Printed by Muzio Clementi & Co. 26 Cheapside.

Allegro non troppo

piu

William

From a_loft the Sai_lor looks a_round and hears be_low the murm'ring Bil_lows Sound

piu

and hears below the murm'ring Bil_lows found far off from home he

F

piu

counts an_other day wide o'er the Seas the Vessel bears a_way wide o'r the seas the Vessel

cres for pia.

bears a_way his courage wants no whet but he springs the sail to set with a heart as fresh as rising

cres for pia.

breeze of May and careing nought he turns his thoughts to his lovely Sue_or his char__ming

cres for

Bet__ to his lovely Sue or his Charming Bet.

cres for

2

Now to heav'n the lofty topmast soars
The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars
Now oceans deepest gulfs appear below

The curling surges foam the curling surges foam the curling surges foam and down we go

When skies and seas are met
They his courage serve to whet
With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May
And dreading nought &c.

GERMAN FLUTE

Allegro non troppo

Willm

più

From a_loft the Sai_lor looks a_ round and hears be_low the murm'ring Billows Sound _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ and hears below the murm'ring Billows found far off from home he counts another day wide o'er the feas the Vefsel bears a_ _ way wide o'er the Seas the Vefsel bears a_way his courage wants no whet but he ſprings the ſail to ſet with a heart as freſh as rif_ing breeze of May and careing nought he turns his thoughts to his lovely Sue or his char_ _ _ _ ming Bet _ _ _ to his lovely Sue or his Char_ming Bet.

2

Now to heav'n the lofty top maſt ſoars
The ſtormy blaſt like dreadful thunder roars
Now Óceans deepeſt gulfs appear below

The curling ſurges foam the curling ſurges foam the curling ſurges foam and down we go
When Skies and Seas are met
They his courage ſerve to whet
With a heart as freſh as riſing breeze of May
And dreading nought &c.

ALLEN BROOKE OF WYNDERMEER

a Favourite Song

Sung by

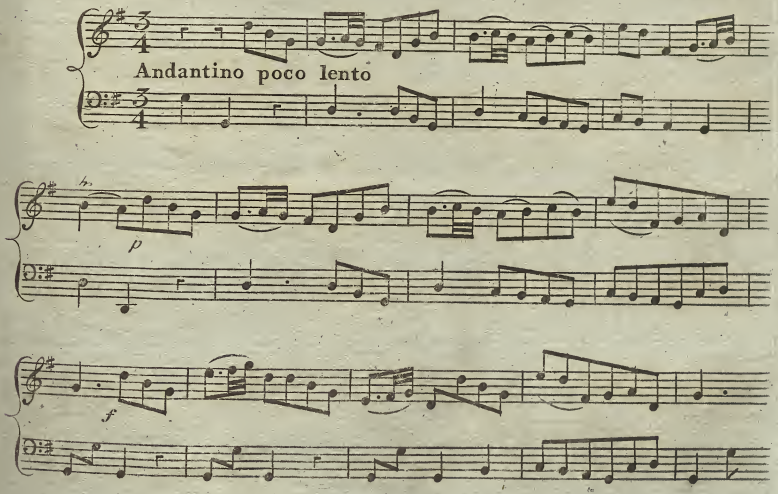
Mrs Kennedy at Vauxhall Gardens.

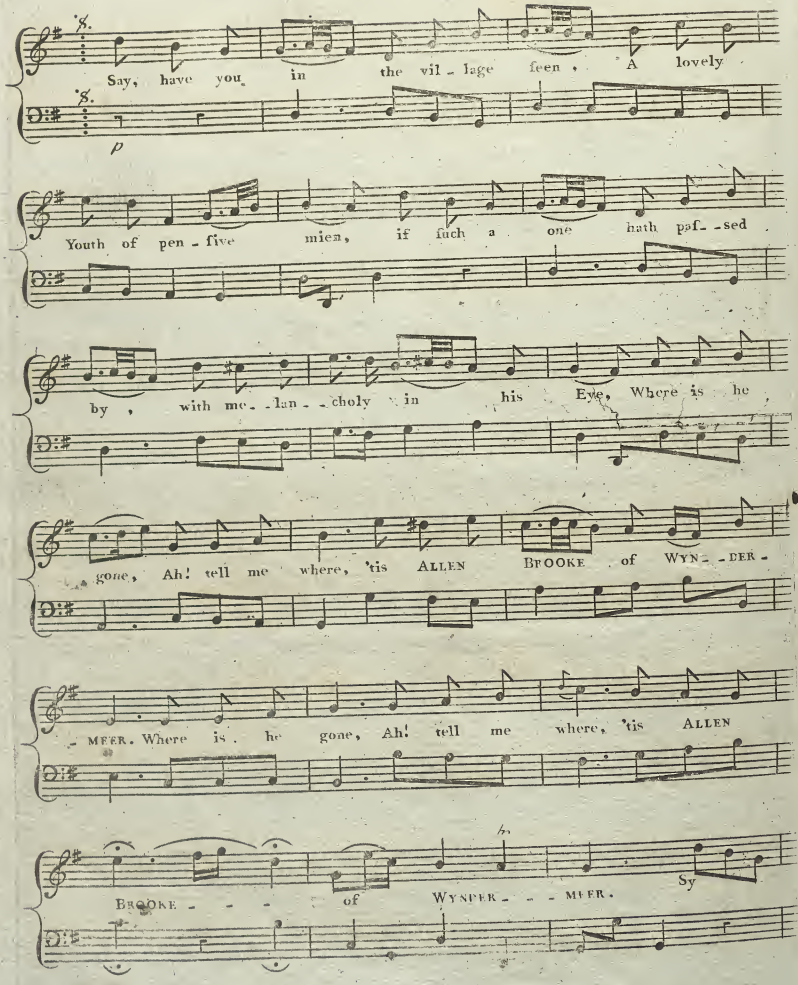
Composed by Mr HOOK.

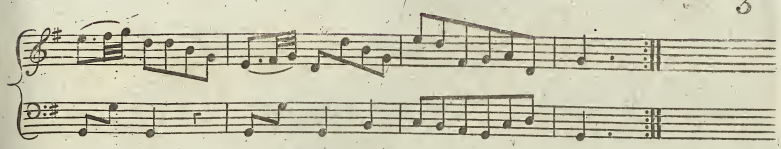
Price 6d

LONDON:

Printed for S. A. & P. Thompson, No. 75. St Pauls Church Yard




Say, have you in the vil - lage feen, A lovely
p
Youth of pen - five mien, if fuch a one hath paf - sed
by, with me - lan - choly in his Eye, Where is he
gone, Ah! tell me where, 'tis ALLEN BROOKE of WYN - DER -
- MEER. Where is he gone, Ah! tell me where, 'tis ALLEN
BROOKE - - - of WYNDER - - - MEER.
Sy



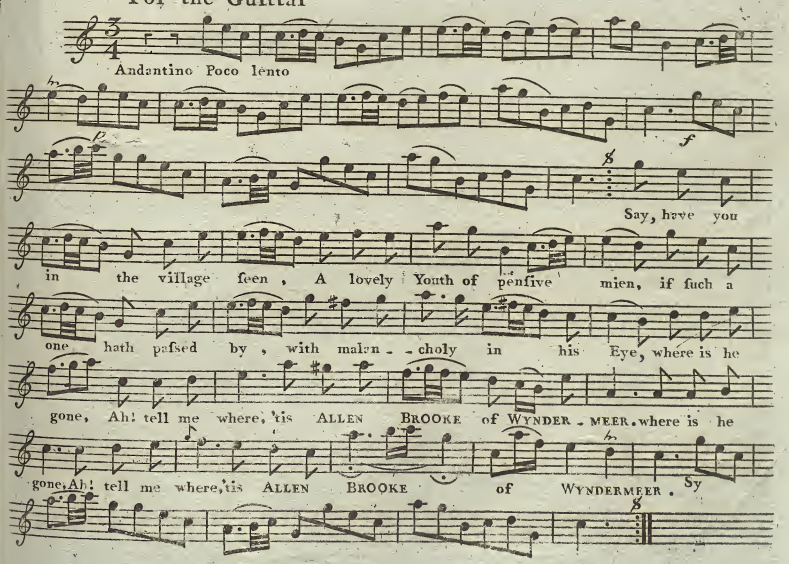
2

Laſt Night he ſighing took his leave,
  Which cauſ'd me all the night to grieve,
And many Maids I know there be,
  Who try to wean his Love from me,
But Heaven knows my Heart's ſincere,
  To Allen Brooke of WYNDERMEER.

3

My throbbing heart is full of woe,
  To think that he ſhou'd leave me ſo,
But if my Love ſhou'd anger'd be,
  And try to hide himſelf from me,
Then Death ſhall bear me on a bier,
  To Allen Brooke of WYNDERMEER.

For the Guittar



The Soldier tir'd

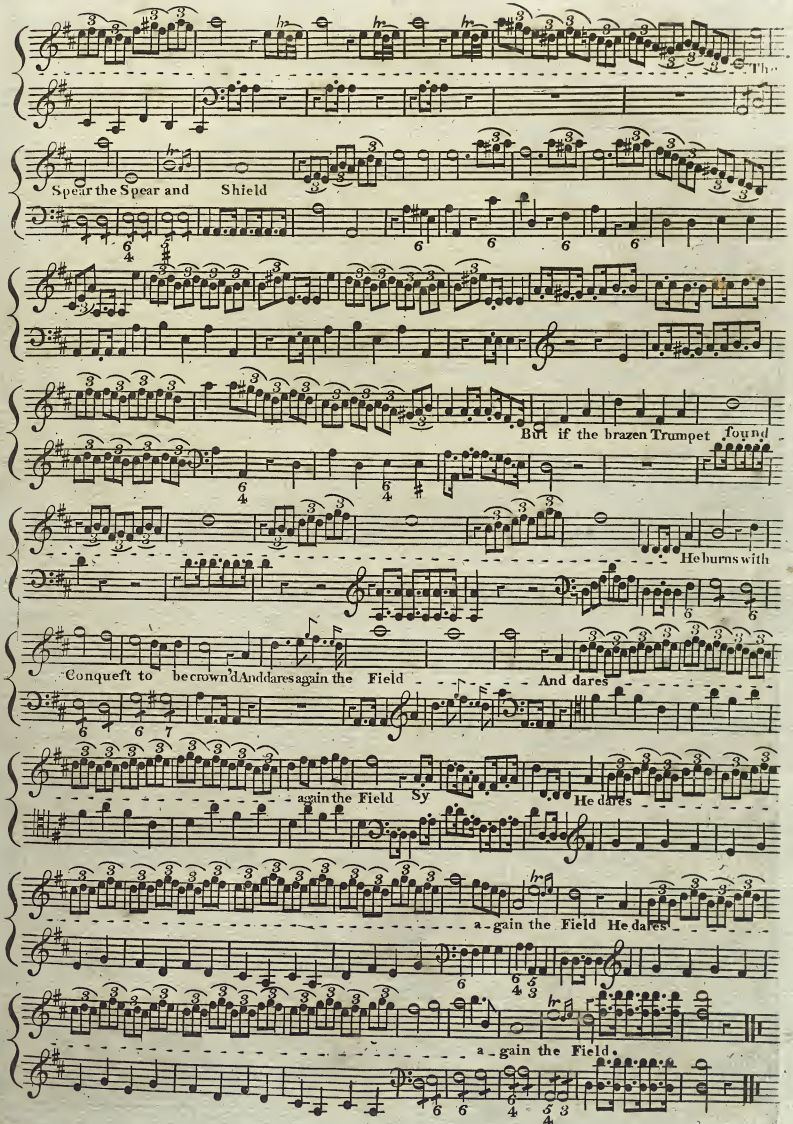
Composed by Dr. Arne — Sung by Mrs. Billington.

Pr. 6

LONDON. Printed and Sold by J. BLAND at his Music Warehouse No. 45. Holborn.

The Soldier tir'd of Wars alarms For swears the Clang of hostile Arms And scorns the Spear and Shield

The Soldier tir'd of Wars alarms For swears the Clang of hostile Arms and Scorns the Spear the Spear and Shield For swears the Clang of hostile Arms And Scorns


Th-
Spear the Spear and Shield
But if the brazen Trumpet found
He burns with
Conqueft to be crown'd And dares again the Field
And dares
again the Field Sy
He dares
a-gain the Field He dares
a-gain the Field.

I was, d'ye fee, a Waterman

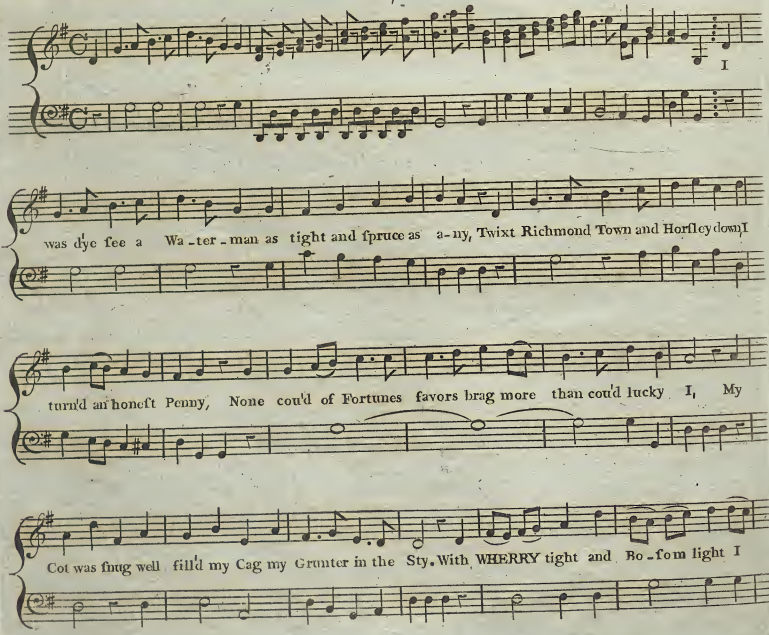
A favorite Ballad

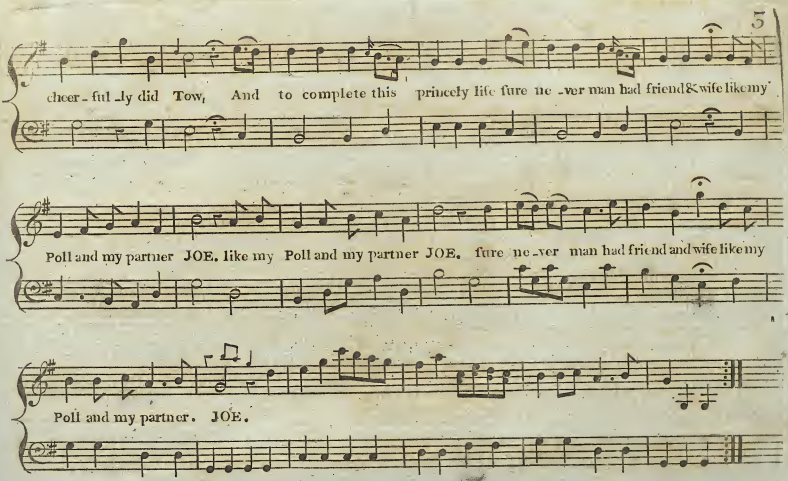
Composed, and Sung at the Lyceum in the Strand

By Charles Dibdin

Entered at Stationer's Hall Price 1s.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Hay Market
Music Sellers and musical Instrument makers to His Royal Highnefs the Prince of Wales





2

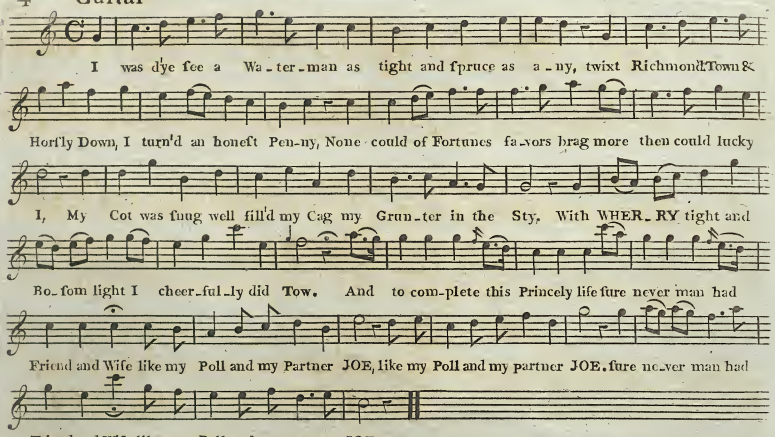
I roll'd in Joys like these awhile
Folks far and near carress'd me
'Till woe is me
So Lubberly
The VERMINE came and press'd me
How cou'd I all the pleasures leave
How with my WHERRY part
I never so took on to grieve
It wrung my very heart
But when on board
They gave the word
To foriegn parts to go
I ru'd the moment I was born
That ever I should thus be torn
From my Poll and my Partner JOE.

3

I did my Duty manfully
While on the Billows rowling
And Night or Day
Cou'd find my way
Blindfold to the main top bowling
Thus all the dangers of the main
Quicksands and gales of wind
I brav'd in hopes to taste again
The Joys I left behind
In Climes afar
The hottest War
Pour'd broadsides on the Foe
In hopes these Perils to relate
As by my side attentive sate
My Poll and my Partner JOE.

4

At last it pleased his Majesty
To give peace to the Nation
And honest hearts
From foriegn parts
Came home for Consolation
Like Lighting—for I felt new Life
Now safe from all alarms
I rush'd and found my Friend and Wife
Lock'd in each others Arms
Yet fancy not
I bore my Lot
Tame like a Lubber— No
For seeing I was finely trick'd
Plump to the DEVIL I boldly kick'd
My Poll and my Partner JOE.



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Plump to the DEVIL I boldly kick'd
My Poll and my Partner JOE.

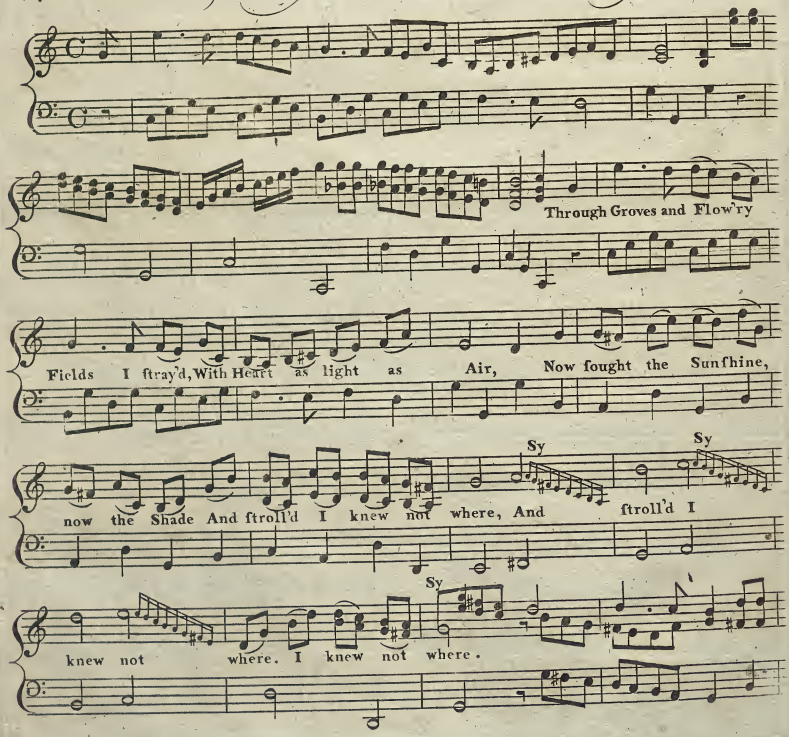
Through Groves & Flowry Fields

A Favorite Song, the Words by T. Dutton, Esqr.

COMPOSED BY F. LINLEY.

Pr. 6s.

London, Printed & Sold by J. Bland, at his Music Warehouse, 45 Holborn.



For Love had ne - - ver broke my rest, My heart was wholly free; Nor were the lit - - tle Birds more blest, That hop from tree to tree, That hop from tree to tree.

2

The warbling Lark his matin sung,
The feather'd Songsters join,
And grove, and fields and hedges rung
With Harmony divine.
Sure Music has a wond'rous charm
To melt the Soul to Love.
I felt my heart grow soft and warm,
And flutter like a Dove.

3

Yet little did I dream indeed
My heart would then be lost:
But fate and Cupid so decreed,
And Cupid wont be crost
For lo! a Nymph more fair, more bright,
Than Goddess of the Skies!
Sweet NANCY met my ravish'd sight,
And chain'd me with her eyes.

4

Where now my former ease of mind,
Which fears, nor doubts did rack.
Yet whilst the Fair I love is kind,
I hardly wish it back
Kind Powers of Love! your aid impart,
Assist the dear design,
O teach a young unpractis'd Heart
To make her ever Mine.

Come Come my Jolly Lads.

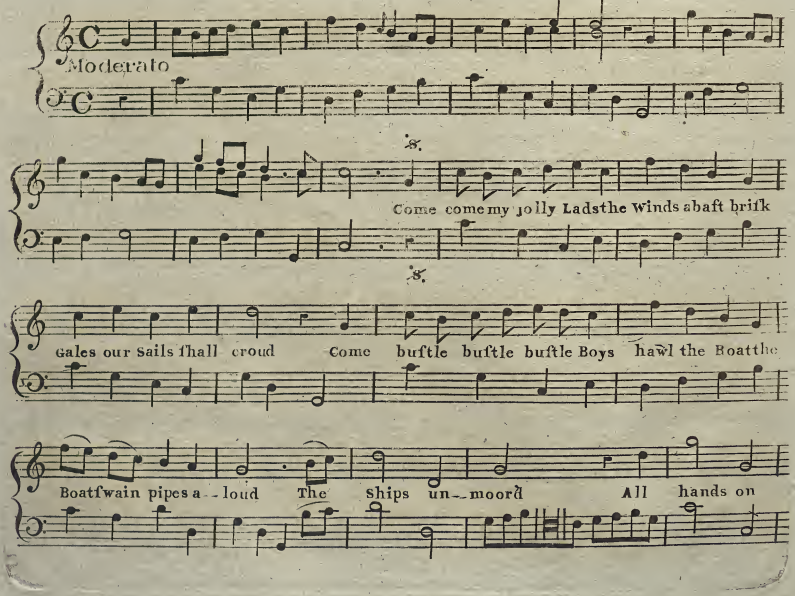
A Favorite Song in the Pantomine of Robinson Crusoe.

Composed by

Mr. Linley.

Price 1s.

London Printed & Sold by W. Boag at his Music Shop No. 11 Gr. Turnstile Lincolns Inn Fields.



board the rifing gale fills ev'ry Sail the Ship's well

Mann'd and ſtor'd Then ſling the flowing Bowl fond hopes arife the

Girls we prize ſhall Bleſs each jovial Soul The

Can boys bring well drink & ſing while foaming billows roll Then ſling the flowing Bowl Fond

Then ſling the flowing Bowl Fond

Then ſling the flowing Bowl Fond

hopes arife the Girls we prize ſhall bleſs each jovial Soul: The Can Boys bring we'll

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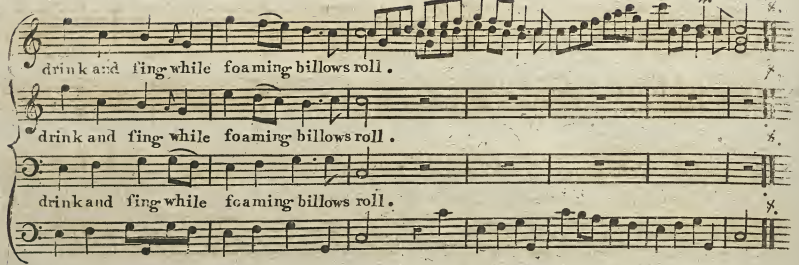
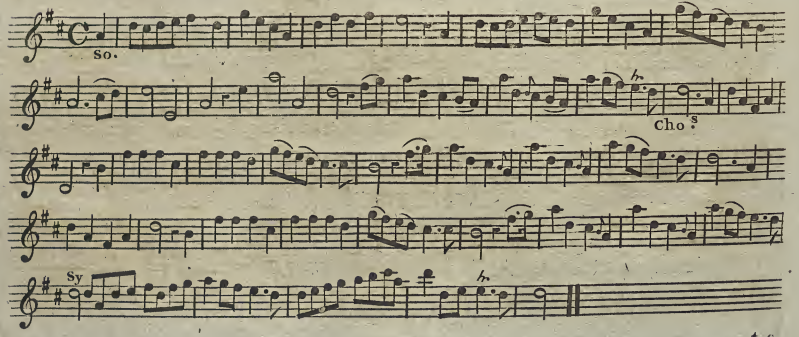


Tho'tothe Spaniſh Coaſt
We're bound to ſteer,
We'll ſtill our rights maintain,
Then bear a hand, be ſteady boys,
Soon we'll ſee
Old England once again:
From ſhore to ſhore,
While Cannons roar,
Our tars ſhall ſhow
The haughty Foe,
Britannia rules the Main,

Then ſling the flowing Bowl,
Fond hopes ariſe
The Girls we prize
Shall bleſs each jovial Soul:
The Can Boys bring,
We'll drink and ſing,
While foaming billows roll.
Choſ. Then ſling the &c.

For the German Flute.



t c

in Alexander Balus. Sung by Mr HARRISON. (at the Ancient Concert.) Composed by Mr Handel.

Recitative

Calm thou my soul kind ISIS with a noble scorn of life ideal joys and momentary

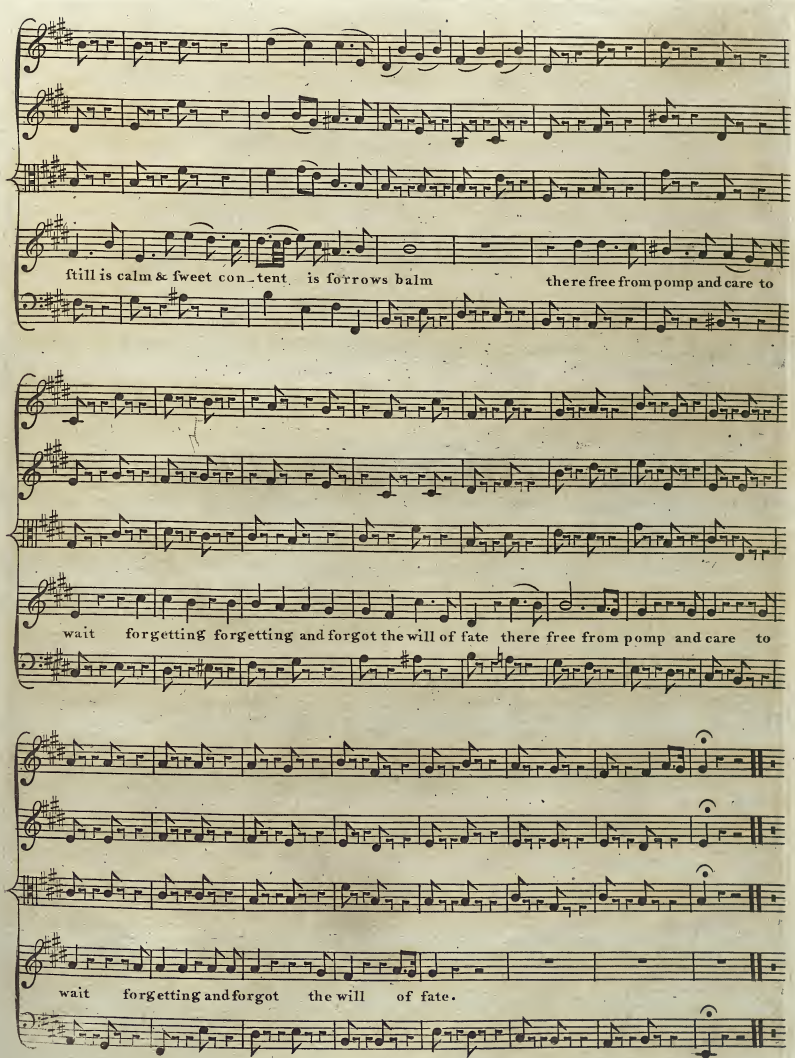
Largo

p

pains that flatter or disturb this waking dream

Convey me to some peaceful shore where no tu_multous billows roar where life tho' joyless

Bland, Holborn.


ſtill is calm & ſweet con_tent is ſorrows balm there free from pomp and care to
wait forgetting forgetting and forgot the will of fate there free from pomp and care to
wait forgetting and forgot the will of fate.

THE WAND'RING SAILOR,

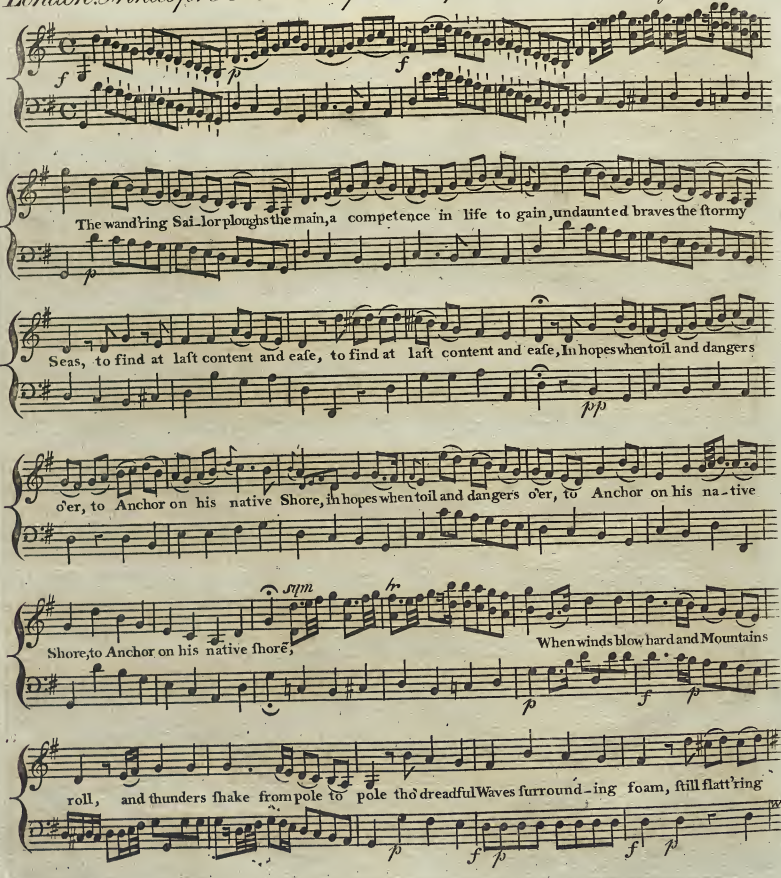
a favourite Song sung by Mr. Bannister, at the

THEATRE ROYAL in the HAY-MARKET,

Composed by Dr. Arnold.

Price 6d.

London. Printed for S. & P. Thompson No. 75 St. Pauls Church Yard.



fancy wafts him home, still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home, in hopes when toil and danger's o'er, to

p *p*

Anchor on his na_tive ſhore, in hopes when toil and dangers o'er, to Anchor on his na_tive

sym *tr*

ſhore to Anchor on his native ſhore. when round the Bowl the Jovial

mf *ff* *p*

Crew, the ear_ly ſcenes of Youth re_new, tho' each his fav'_rite fair will boaſt, this is the

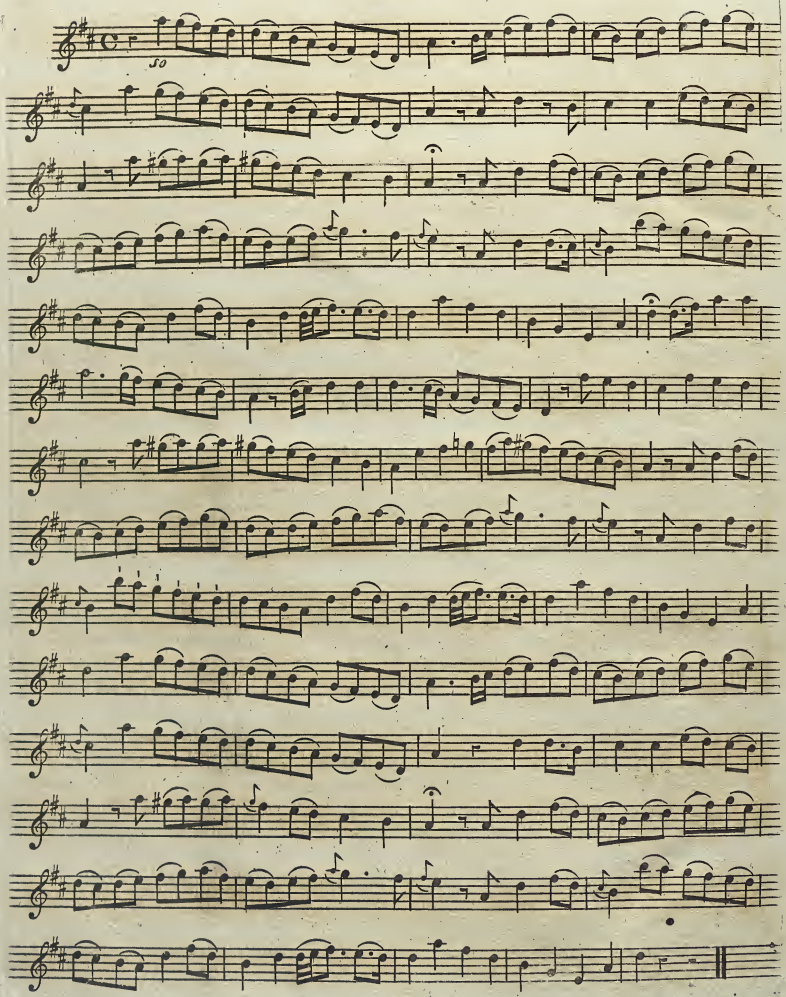
u_ni_ver_ſal toaſt, this is the u_ni_ver_ſal toaſt, may we when toil and danger's

pp

o'er, caſt Anchor on our na_tive ſhore, may we when toil and danger's o'er, caſt Anchor

sym *tr*

on our na_tive ſhore, caſt Anchor on his native ſhore.


so

HARK he STRIKES the GOLDEN LYRE

Printed for J. BLAND. No. 45. HOLBORN.

Alexandar Balus

Andante

Organo Solo

tutti

Hark! hark! hark! he

ſtrikes the golden Lyre,

Hark! hark! he ſtrikes the golden

Lyre, he ſtrikes the golden Lyre, and tells it to his joy-ful Choir, his Alexander reigns, he

tells it to his joy-ful Choir, his Alexander reigns . . . . . .

. . . . . his Alexander, Sy. his Alex-ander Alexander, reigns, Sy.

Ye docil Echoes catch y found, Sy

ye docil Echoes catch the found Sy and spread the bleffing

all around, Sy and fpread the bleffing all around, in fweet harmonious Strains, in

fweet harmonious Strains and fpread . . . . . the blef . . . . fing all all . . . . . .

. . . . . around, Larghetto In fweet harmonious Strains, Sy in fweet harmonious Strains Sy

Larghetto

in fweet har-mo . . . . . nious Strains in harmonious Strains.

Andante

Ye docil E - - - - choes catch - - - the found, and fpread the bleffing

Andante

all around and fpread the bleffing all around in fweet harmonious Strains & fpread y bleffing

all - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - around

Larghetto

In fweet harmonious Strains.

Sy.

in fweet harmonious Strains.

Sy.

in fweet harmonious Strains, in fweet harmonious,

Sy

Adagio

harmonious Strains.

POOR TOM

A Favorite Song

Sung by

Mr. Bannister in the Waterman

composed by

Mr. DIBDIN

Price 6d.

Printed for H. ANDREWS No. 11, Kendall Place, LAMBETH WALK.

Voice or Violin.

Thoro Bass Accompaniment

Then farewell my trim-built Wherry; Oars and

Coat and Badge farewell, never more at Chealsea ferry shall your Thomas take a

ſpell, then farewell my trim built Wherry Oars and Coat and Badge fare-

---well, never more at Chelſea ferry ſhall your Thomas take a ſpell, ſhall your

Tho-mas take a ſpell.

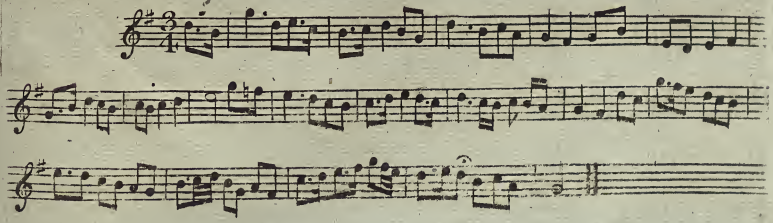
2

But to hope and peace a ſtranger,
In the Battle's heat I'll go,
Where expoſ'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly Ball ſhall lay me low.

3

Then may-hap when homward ſteering,
With the news my meſſmates come,
Even you my ſtory hearing,
With a ſigh may cry poor Tom.

For the Ger. Flute.



PLAINTIVE WARBLER

Air to the Nightingale

Entered at Stationers Hall.
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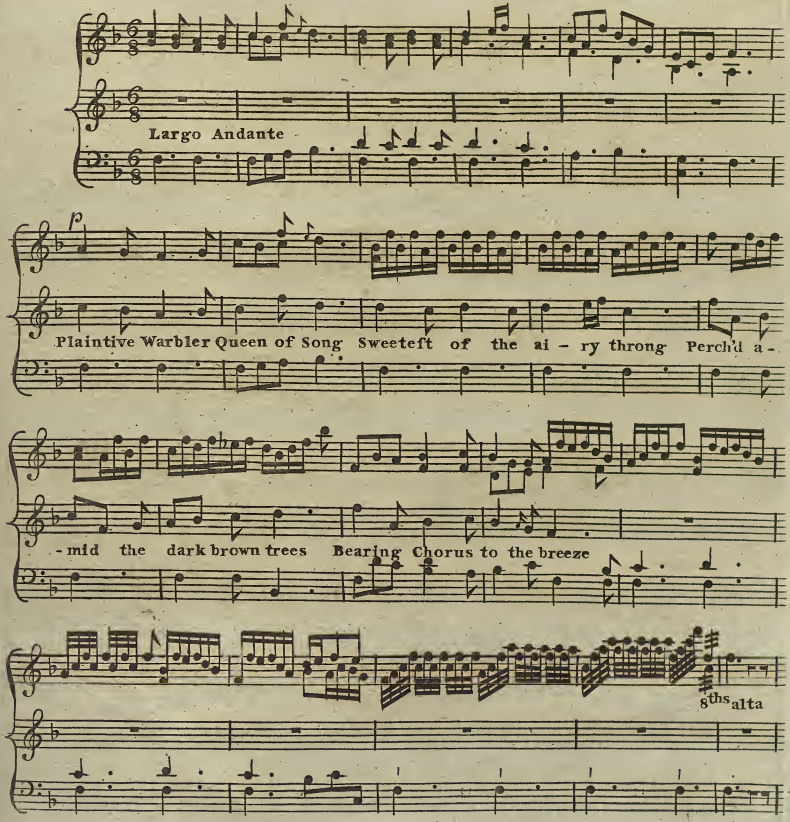


While the Moon beams mel-low light Steals up-on the gloom of night

Thou ſhall fill my Soul with pleaſure Mournful as thy mournful meaſure

Thou ſhall fill my Soul with pleaſure mournful as thy mournful

meaſure Mournful pleaſures ſoothes the breaſt

Lulls the beat-ing heart to reſt Gay de-lu-ſions on-ly

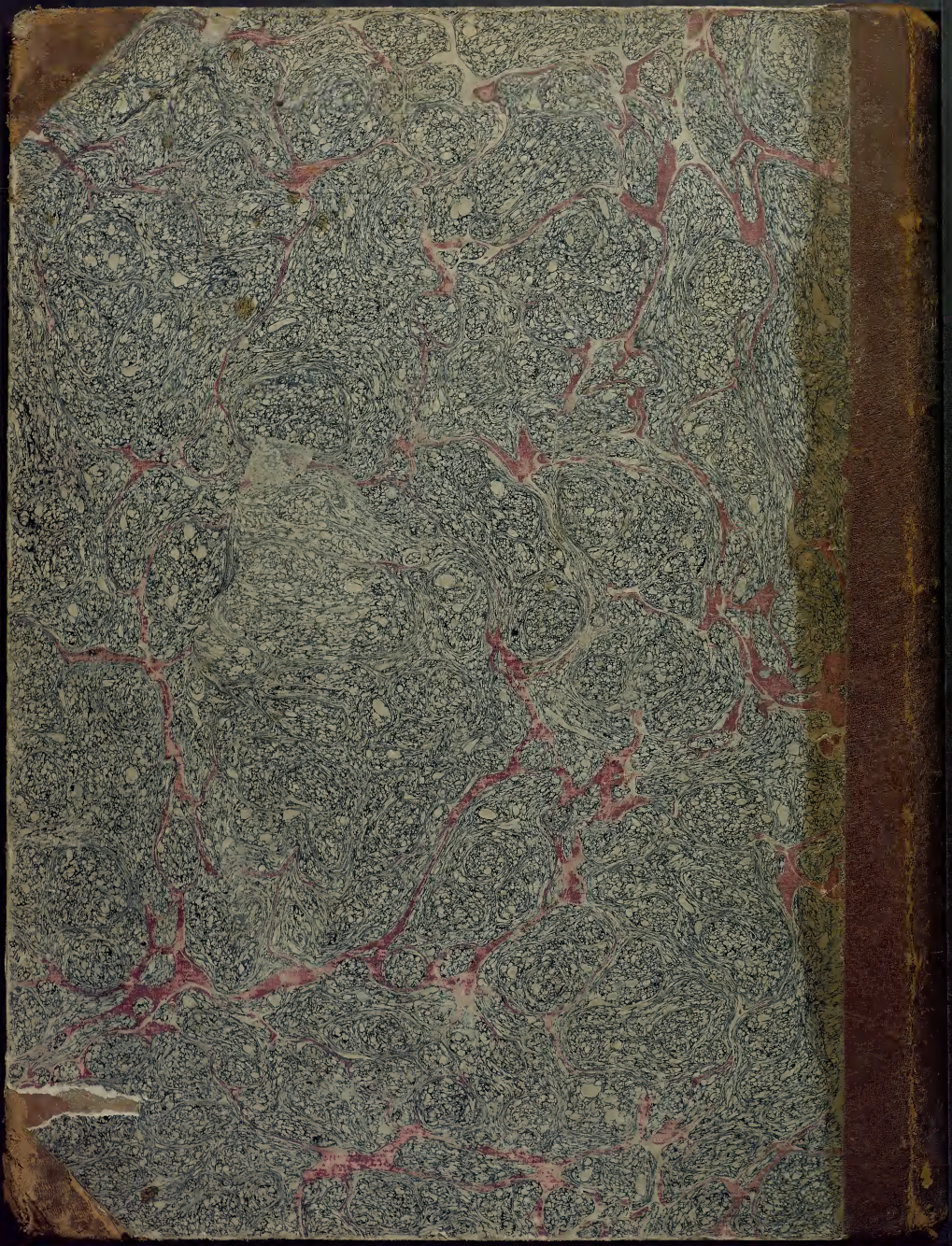
cloy Pain - ful in ex - cefs of joy Lafting comforts

gent - ly flow Such as Seraphs on - ly know Fill then

full thy dul - cet throat With thy foft thy li - quid note

Fill then full thy dul - cet throat With thy foft thy li - quid

note.



SONGS

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